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VOLUME XVI. { FOR TERMS, See last column, 4th page. } NORWAY AND SOUTH PARIS, ME., FRIDAY, SEPT. 11, 1885. { FOR ADVERTISING RATES, See last column, 4th page. } NO. 37.

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[Written for the Advertiser.]

Norway in the War. No. 15.

BY C. F. WHITMAN, ESQ.

The great mistake made by Gen. Meade, after the battle of Gettysburg, was in not pursuing the Confederates and forcing another battle before they could cross the Potomac. The reports from all sources are that the Union troops were never so eager to fight. The Rebels expected pursuit. An English officer with them relates, that wishing to see the charge of Pickett's Division upon the Union lines on Cemetery Ridge, he hurried into that part of the field near where the charge was made just after they had been repulsed. Thinking he was just in time he remarked to Gen. Longstreet, who sat on a fence in the edge of the woods, that he wouldn't have missed it for nothing. "The devil you wouldn't," was the response, "I would like to have missed it very much. We have attacked and been repulsed." Then for the first time the English officer took in the situation. Gen Pettigrew came up while this conversation was going on and told his commander that he was unable to bring his men up again. "Never mind General," sarcastically replied Longstreet, "just let them remain where they are. The enemy is going to advance and will spare you the trouble." So good a military man as Gen. Longstreet knew that they *ought* to have been pursued. In those days the Rebels were greatly favored by events that were called by them providential but when the old "Silent Soldier," later in the war began to feel for the wind-pipe of the Rebellion, there were not near so many providential things in their favor.

On the 23rd of August 1863 the 17th Maine Regt. having with the army become stationed again in the vicinity of the Rappahannock, was reviewed by Gen. Birney. Every available man was turned out and numbered about

One Hundred and Forty.

A year before when the Regt. arrived in Washington it had over one thousand men. One of the members of the Regt. has well made a fitting application by the following quotation from Gray's Elegy in a Country Church-yard:

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

About the latter part of Sept. a large number of recruits joined the Regt. They were fine appearing men. Such Maine soldiers generally were. They kept neat and clean—looked well on parade and did their duty to the utmost on the battle field. Maine soldiers guarded Division, Corps, and Army Headquarters and were trusted with important and responsible positions. No better troops were ever marshalled for battle in this or any other land.

The next engagement in which the Norway men of the 17th Maine took part was at

The Battle of Locust Grove,

which occurred on the 27th of November. A part of their Division had advanced and engaged the enemy but the fire was so severe that it broke. "Forward!" They moved on in good order through a dense piece of woods, where they found those who hadn't run, lying on their faces on the ground endeavoring to hold the Rebels at bay. They passed over them and at once opened fire upon the enemy, whose position could only be determined by the flashes from the guns.

Forty Rounds were Fired

when being out of ammunition and night coming on they were relieved. They "took their rations," got a fresh supply of cartridges and moved forward to the front. During the night the Rebels retreated. The Regt. lost in this battle 7 killed and 54 wounded. The "Mine Run" Campaign of Gen. Meade having come to naught, the Army returned to its old camp. As the winter season was coming on Gen. Birney inspected the camps of his Division and in a general order directed the Colonel of one of the Regts. to cause his regimental camp to be reconstructed, taking his model from the 17th Maine. A neat and beautiful stand of colors presented by merchants of Portland was received during the winter and the old flags tattered and torn during the contests in which the Regt. had been engaged were sent home.

On the reorganization of the Army of the Potomac in the Spring of 1864, when Gen. Grant took command of the Armies of the U. S., Gen. Birney's Division became a part of the 2nd Corps which was ably commanded by Gen. W. S. Hancock. It was in the

Great Battle of the Wilderness,

which began on the 4th of May 1864. As they marched to battle they passed over the old Chancellorsville battle ground which though a year had elapsed bore marks of the conflict. They even recognized the skeletons of some of their comrades. The Norway men were reminded of the changes that had taken place among their number since that battle. Besides the changes already mentioned Calvin Holt had died, and F. W. Hill and C. D. Noble had been discharged for disabilities.

Levi A. Whitcomb is given in the Adj. Gen'l Reports and in Dr. Lapham's History of Paris as a Paris man. His mother who is living in town and drawing a pension on account of his death, says his home was always in Norway but that he was at work in Paris and went out on the quota of that town. At the battle of Chancellorsville he was probably killed, or taken prisoner where he died in a Rebel prison. He was among the missing and has never been heard from since that battle.

The Regt. moved to the front

Near Todd's Tavern

in the Wilderness May 5th and being in advance at once engaged the enemy, who fell back a short distance leaving thirty wounded prisoners in their hands. The Rebels were reenforced and endeavored to drive their assailants but our men held on till night when they were relieved by fresh troops. The Regt. lost in this engagement 13 killed, 64 wounded and one missing. In the afternoon of the next day in the vicinity of the famous

Plank Road,

the Regt. was under fire again where it drove the Rebels before it. Being fiercely assailed several times and "flanked" they could not hold the position and fell back to the Road where they intrenched. In the afternoon the Confederates renewed the attack with great vigor but were repulsed. The regimental loss during the day was 14 killed, 82 wounded and 11 missing. During this engagement Lieut. Wellington Hobbs, Sergt. H. S. Warren, Corp. C. H. Morse and F. H. Hale were wounded. The next day, the 7th of May, the Regt. took part in a reconnoissance losing 3 killed, 5 wounded and one missing. On the 10th they were under fire again, on the picket line where they had 10 wounded and 2 missing, and on the 11th the Regt. supported a skirmish line where two of its men were wounded. This closed its fighting in and around the Wilderness. Co. F. went into these battles with about forty men and came out with only a "baker's dozen."

During the night of the 11th Hancock moved with his Corps "by the left flank" to the vicinity of

Spottsylvania Court House

where his troops charged some rifle pits and formidable fortifications, which they carried, and planted the stars and stripes on the works, capturing five thousand prisoners. They attempted to take a second line of Rebel intrenchments but were repulsed. They fell back to their first line of captured works, which they changed and strongly fortified. They were reenforced when they were fiercely assailed by the enemy in great force and one of the most desperate struggles of the war took place. The Regt. lost in that engagement on the 12th of May, 3 killed, 41 wounded and 10 missing. The ground between the lines in and around the "Salient" as it was called, was thickly strewn with the dead,—the bodies being shot through and through with bullets. It was a perfect "Golgotha." Says W. H. Taylor in his "Four years with Gen. Lee," "Then occurred the most remarkable musketry fire of war; from the sides of the Salient in the possession of the Federals and the new line forming the base of the triangle occupied by the Confederates, poured forth, from continuous lines of hissing fire, an incessant, terrific hail of deadly missles. No living man or thing could stand in the doomed space, embraced within these angry lines; even large trees were felled—their trunks cut in twain by the bullets of small arms. Never did troops on either side display greater valor and determination." The position was held by our troops despite the desperate efforts of the Rebels to carry it. All honor to the Superb Soldier and his brave men. Company F. of the 17th Maine took into the battle thirteen men and when it was over it had but five left, who were able to do duty. One of these was Lieut. A. G. Charles who went through all the battles in which his Regt. and Company were engaged and never received a "scratch."

As the Army moved on toward Richmond and Petersburg, it encountered less of that fierce onset and demoniac yelling which characterized the fighting of the Rebels. They were from the first desperately in earnest and "meant to kill." Their treatment of Union prisoners showed that. Several of our Generals had been literally used up by their peculiar methods of fighting, but when they had grappled with the veterans of the Army of the Potomac in the Wilderness and at Spottsylvania under a commander who had determined to take no back tracks, they began to feel that dash and the Rebel Yell wouldn't save them. They accordingly fought more on the defensive, and waited for the Union troops to begin the attack.

[Written for the Advertiser.]

A Journey to the Lake Country.

BY MARK TAPLEY.

(Continued.)

While passing a small piece of woodland we heard a rustle, and presently two sportsmen, dressed in base ball uniforms, with skye-terrier hats and armed with repeating rifles, sprang over the hedge so suddenly as to frighten our horse so as to cause her to bolt for the opposite ditch and nearly place us *hors du combat*. But regaining our equilibrium we pulled rein to see what was wanted.

"Howd dew, sir," exclaimed the foremost, a fat, pale-faced fellow with large white eyes very much resembling two boiled onions placed in saucer of fat. "Fine day. How fur ye goin'. What 'll yer take for yer pony? Give us a ride? Can't ye tell us a good place to hunt?"

Completely nonplussed by the multitude of interrogatories, we inquired which question he would have answered first.

"Why, we want to find a good place to hunt."

We told him we presumed there was a good chance in the wood he had just emerged from.

"But what can we find there for game?"

"Don't know that you can find anything, but presume you can hunt to your heart's content."

"Well," said the other, a little dapper fellow, with a hooked nose, "we have shot all the game we could find there;" at the same time displaying the contents of his game bag, which consisted of two robins, one yellow-hammer, one nightingale, a few jays and other small birds. When we beheld this cruel and wanton display of their marksmanship, we felt an almost uncontrollable desire to try the effect of our horsewhip on their bandy legs but having another object in view, we forbore.

"Where are you from, young men?" we asked.

"From Yale college, sir," replied the dapper one.

"Well, we should think Mr. Yale would have taught you better than to be idling about, shooting little, innocent birds, which God has given us for our use, pleasure and benefit."

"O!! whew, sir?" said the first speaker, "you are fresh, sir. There is no such man as Mr. Yale there, sir; it's merely the name of the institution, sir. No sir, indeed sir, you are fresh, sir, quite so sir. Ha ha, sir, indeed sir!"

Of course we felt bound to him for the correction, as being reared in the wilds of Maine, we, in our extreme ignorance had an idea that Mr. Yale sort of ran the show, and taught Algebra and Arithmetic on the blackboard, as we thought.

Of course we didn't observe the sly glances passed, which seemed to say, "ain't he an old fool."

But now it was our turn to talk of freshness; so we asked "if they were aware that the laws of this state imposed a fine and imprisonment on any person who should be found destroying birds, their eggs, or with dead birds in their possession."

They expressed great surprise and chagrin at this piece of information, and still more when we informed them that we held a commission from the powers that be and had been watching for just this kind of a case, that we would turn about and they would please go before a magistrate, where they would stand a good chance of a lodging in Paris jail for a good, long term.

They now began to beg in good earnest, pleading ignorance and no intention of wrong doing. So after considering the matter, we concluded to let them go providing they did a suitable grace by the road-side and decently buried their victims, then place a stone at either end of the grave, then leave the state inside of two days and never be seen hereabouts again; to all of which they readily assented. So after performing the burial rites, they washed their little delicate hands in the brook and departed, sadder, and we hope wiser lads.

At Newry we fell in with E. B. Knapp, the blacksmith, with a load of bear traps and a handsome rifle on his shoulder, bound for Puzzle mountain, where the bears are said to be quite plenty, especially at this time, of the year when berries are plent; and the spring lambs in the adjacent pastures are full grown and fat.

It was near this place that Orvin Foster came so near his end by coming in contact with one of these creatures many years ago, receiving injuries from which he has never fully recovered.

We halted a bit at the Poplar Tavern, for a rest and a few minutes' chat. We were informed that the house had been filled to overflowing throughout the entire season. Among the guests is found each season Rev. Wm. C. Prince of New York, the popular author, whose books of travel have been so extensively read and admired throughout this country and Europe.

Declining their hospitality so kindly proffered, we passed on toward the notch, attended by that same illusion as ever that the river runs up hill and that the way grows steeper as we approach the lofty mountains, when the fact is exactly the opposite. So we are obliged to keep this fact constantly in mind or we are apt to over-drive our horse.

Henry F. Carver of Clarksville, N. H., has bought the Edmund Richards place and is fitting it up in a neat and tasty manner, for the accommodation of the traveling public. We found them very pleasant people and wish them success. For that matter, we have often remarked that every person on Bear River keeps a hotel, or at least open doors, and nobody need go hungry whether he has money or not.

We heard rumors about a catamount or Indian devil being tracked and heard somewhere about the notch, but could learn nothing definite, so we let it pass as an idle story. Some forty years ago one of these animals inhabited this region for some little time, showing himself on several occasions, a true account of which we will give our readers in our next.

[Written for the Advertiser.]

Private European Letters.

HOTEL DE LA VILLE,
Genoa, Italy, Jan. 7, 1885.

DEAR F.—E. sent, in his last letter, an account of our visit to Pompeii and drive to Sorrento. Of our visit to Herculaneum there is little to say. The buildings with their decorations are, though inferior, similar to those of Pompeii. Herculaneum is—or rather was—buried forty to one hundred feet below the surface; in 63 and was only discovered in 1719, when Prince d'Elboeuf of Lorraine was building a casino at Portici, and caused a well to be dug to supply his casino with water. The visitor is first shown the theatre, the entrance to which is down a dark flight of more than one hundred steps. One forms a very poor idea of this theatre, because he wanders around a sort of under-ground labyrinth with nothing but the light of a candle to aid his sight. But by far the most interesting part of the excavations are the buildings which form part of the town. These are well excavated and are in a fair state of preservation. I send you a rose picked from the garden of the principal house—the garden in the house of Argus.

In order to give you an idea of what we saw during the last few days of our stay in Naples, I must be very brief. To begin, I must tell you that it rained very often while we were in Naples. During these wet days—we had four—we devoted ourselves to the Museum and the Aquarium. Every day the clouds seemed to grow blacker and blacker, and at last, after spending all the time we could in the museum and in-door places, we determined to take the weather in our own hands and go where we pleased.

Fast in this determination we left word with the "portier" to call us at six o'clock, rain or shine, as we intended to go to Paestum. The next morning notwithstanding the rain we put on a low Kerry with water-proof coats and started on the first train to Paestum. To Paestum is a long journey, and doubly long when it is rainy. But—*Mirabile dictu!*—we had not passed the foot of old Mt. Vesuvius, when the rain seemed to hold up, and we had a charming ride all the rest of the way—some fifty miles—to Paestum. We passed through a most picturesque country, covered with luxurant vegetation. Orange groves, lemon trees and olive trees seemed to be very plenty. The fields were all planted with artichokes, tobacco plants, cauliflowers etc., which tended to give the ground a charming green look. To the passenger moving rapidly over the ground these plants made the valley look very beautiful. The oranges and lemons appeared like golden drops on a delicate *tapis vert*. After passing Salerno we had a delightful view of the bay of Salerno. The mountains of the Sorrentine peninsular rise abruptly from the sea, and form no small part of a scene replete with beauty and grandeur. In fact the Bay of Salerno is, second only to the Bay of Naples, the most beautiful bay in the world. After enjoying all the beautiful sights we finally found ourselves at a place called Battipaglia, where we changed cars for Paestum. Arrived at Paestum—its ancient name, Poseidonia, (city of Neptune) sufficiently indicates its Greek origin—we found ourselves face to face with the temple of Neptune, built in the Doric style. This Temple, with the single exception of those at Athens, is the finest existing monument of its kind.

The Temple of Neptune is ascribed to the close of the sixth century, B. C., and so represents Greek art very nearly at its best. Here, indeed, one cannot fail to appreciate the beauty of simplicity, and strength of proportion; the characteristics of all good architecture. I sent you a very poor photograph of this Doric temple, with its array of mighty columns, which gives it such grandeur. At Paestum there are two other temples. The best one is that of Ceres. But suffice it to say we spent two very pleasant hours walking about these temples.

After viewing them on all sides, we took a walk on the ancient Town Walls, and so were able to appreciate from a distance the simple majesty of Greek architecture. The picturesque beauty of the ruins in the landscape with the glittering sea in close proximity made a deep impression on our minds. E. and I agree that our visit to Paestum is one of the pleasantest we have had.

After seeing Paestum we returned to the train, and on our way we saw the stone bridge which was considered a most dangerous part of the road when the during brigand, Manzi, in 1860–70, haunted the neighborhood. I begin to believe some of the stories you used to tell of your experiences when you were over here, some thirty-two years ago. I wonder you got along as well and safely as you did.

But, as E. says he is sleepy, and so must go to bed, I will follow his advice and "spike my gun." To finish Paestum I must say that it was not till 9:30 p. m. that we reached Naples. We were tired out, as we started at 6:30 a. m.

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A. M. H.

[Written for the Advertiser.]

Letter from Santa Fe, N. M.

SANTA FE, Aug. 23, 1885.

It has been the hardest work for me to bring myself to write to-day; I have been thinking all day I would write, and now it is evening and I have just so about half past twelve so much crowding in upon my mind to write that I hardly know where to begin. Of course you want to know in the first place how we stood the journey; well, a great deal better than I expected.

We had a delightful rest in Chicago, and I think it is the finest city I was ever in. I was charmed with it. We reached there Wednesday morning about eight o'clock and staid till the next day at half past twelve so we had a nice chance to look about the city. There are a large number of very handsome buildings, five and six stories high. Everything is done on a large scale. The parks and boulevards are laid out round the city, but not all completed, are just charming; and the streets are wide and perfectly level and many of them smooth as a floor. The cool air from the Lake just braced me right up.

Kansas City was the next place we stopped at; and oh, what a contrast to Chicago! It is built on high bluffs. We had about an hour and a half to stop, so we improved the time to look around a little. You would almost think you were in a foreign country to go into the waiting rooms in the depot. Such a motly crowd! and it seemed to me that they were nearly all talking a foreign language. We went from the depot up a long flight of stairs on to a bridge—we found ourselves face to face with the temple of Neptune, built in the Doric style. This Temple, with the single exception of those at Athens, is the finest existing monument of its kind.

The Temple of Neptune is ascribed to the close of the sixth century, B. C., and so represents Greek art very nearly at its best. Here, indeed, one cannot fail to appreciate the beauty of simplicity, and strength of proportion; the characteristics of all good architecture. I sent you a very poor photograph of this Doric temple, with its array of mighty columns, which gives it such grandeur. At Paestum there are two other temples. The best one is that of Ceres. But suffice it to say we spent two very pleasant hours walking about these temples.

After viewing them on all sides, we took a walk on the ancient Town Walls, and so were able to appreciate from a distance the simple majesty of Greek architecture. The picturesque beauty of the ruins in the landscape with the glittering sea in close proximity made a deep impression on our minds. E. and I agree that our visit to Paestum is one of the pleasantest we have had.

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A Trip to the Rangely Wilderness.

Wayside Gatherings.—Facts Industrial and Otherwise.—A Ride with Captain Smith.—The Welokenbacook.—The Upper Dam Pocker.—A Row through the Woods.—Metallac Brook.—Found Trouts, etc.

We left Norway Tuesday via South Paris, Snow's Falls, Trap Corner, So. Woodstock, Bryant's Pond, North Woodstock, Milton, Rumford Point, South Andover, and Andover. We made a short stop at Snow's Falls and examined the rocks and falls and speculated on the immensity of the water-power and the length of time it took to wear out the channel in the solid rock. The pulp mills here were burnt last spring or winter and have not been rebuilt, and their magnificent water power is unused.

Bryant's Pond was one mile off our direct route, but as we wished to view the Pond and gaze at Mt. Christopher and think of the deep ravines and cave of Oceola, we made this extra mile and were well paid.

For dinner we stopped at the Milton House, the original and only third-class hotel in Maine. It is needless for us to say the house is third-class only in name. It is well patronized and friend Coffin seems to be making money, and is the same good-natured landlord as when he was at Locke's Mills or Bethel. He has recently been appointed liquor agent for Milton—a similar office he held while living in Greenwood. We think he will make a careful agent and deal out the ardent with judgment and discression.

L. M. & E. W. Mann are running their clothes-pin factory and grist-mill. Business is fairly good. We examined the work they were making and took a quantity of toy clothes-pins to give to our neighbors' children. Messrs. Mann makes pail handles, brush handles, clothes-pins, etc. A new school house is being built in the village.

We entered our dog-gated rous, "exo-duster," by the use of lump sugar and soft words on to the Rumford tour-penny ferry nuisance and crossed the Androscoggin without accident. A bridge ought to be built here.

Andover was reached and the Andover House was made headquarters. We lost no time and immediately visited Lone Brook, and caught nine trout which were cooked for breakfast.

Wednesday morning our dunnage was lashed on to a two-horse buckboard and at an early hour we started for the South Arm. We got one of F. M. Thomas' boats and were much pleased to secure one of his make as we had tried the "Daphne," owned by Walcott and Cummings, of Norway. To our mind Thomas' build is the best boat that floats on water. It is light and easy to row, without being crank and unwieldy in the wind. We dined at P. S. Sessions, at the Arm. Had plenty to eat and it was served in good shape.

We bade good-bye to W. B. Gifford and son, whose acquaintance we had made coming in on the buck-board, and took the steamer for Metallic Brook. Captain Andrew Smith, brother of Jerry Smith of Norway, had charge, and he kindly informed us before taking passage that the rules of the R. R. L. T. Company was to charge newspaper editors double rates on their boats. He did not wish to take undue advantage, therefore he told us of the rule before we came aboard. We, like all newspaper fellows, had a "long" pocket-book well stuffed with Uncle Sam's best printing, so didn't care a hooter for a double or a treble fare. Therefore we informed the gentlemanly Zouave Knaka that we had come prepared and that he might take our boat in tow and such dunnage as he could find on the pier.

The wind blew a stiff gale, but as Capt. Smith said it was only a patch of what they sometimes had we felt no alarm even though we did get wet with spray and breaking waves, and stood shivering beside a friendly, uncased, eight horse power boiler, that was consuming a half cord of wood per hour—more or less. The Middle Dam was reached and the mail started and the express packages delivered.

Several passengers came aboard, one of whom was destined to figure as prime host of the Upper Dam. He was a short, thick-set fellow, evidently the son of his father, who fully realized the profound immensity of his own importance, to the utter exclusion of the rest of mankind. So much so, we noticed Capt. Smith crowded the wood into the boiler furnace and put on extra draft to draw his mightiness, who thinks he owns the whole of God's green earth, rock and water in this section, but who in fact does not own anything; even then the boat went once during the night. Thursday night, I think it was, we crossed the Mississippi river and I happened to wake up just in season to see it; but there was a cattle car on one side of us that obstructed our view more or less.

Thursday and Friday we were riding through Missouri and Kansas and about all we saw was vast fields of corn, stretching away as far as the eye could reach. Saturday and part of Friday we rode through the great American desert—great stretches of level country with cattle grazing here and there. We passed several prarie-dog villages and saw lots of the little fellows sitting on their haunches, looking at us. Lyford exclaimed once, "O there is one sitting right on his hole!"

Some of the country in New Mexico was very fine looking, beautiful green fields, gently undulating enough to relieve the

Oxford County Advertiser.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 11, 1885.

[Entered as Second Class mail matter.]

Oxford Agricultural Society—on Grounds of Society, Sept. 23-Oct. 1.
Western Oxford Association—Fryeburg, Oct. 5-8.
Harrison and Otisfield Fair—Bolster's Mills, Oct. 6.

One more letter will close the series of "Private European Letters" that we have been publishing the past year.

The Oxford County Congregational Conference will be held at the Norway Center church the third Monday of October.

Some one kindly sent us an account of the Buckfield and Canton base ball game. They forgot to sign their name as did several others this week.

Several interesting articles will appear next week, among which is an "Acrostic on the Lord's Prayer," by an old hunter and trapper.

The Forest and Stream Publishing Company announce for immediate publication "Small Yachts," an elaborately illustrated Quarto, by C. P. Kunhardt.

The auction sale of the A. B. Everett estate and personal property, in Waterford, takes place to-morrow, Saturday, at ten of the clock, a. m., instead of one o'clock, as was published in our paper last week.

Three cases of small pox have been brought to Manchester, N. H., from Montreal. During one week there were one thousand new cases reported in Montreal and two hundred and nineteen deaths. Through the negligence of the authorities and the ignorance of the people until quite recently no steps have been taken to prevent the disease from spreading. Last Saturday a meeting was held and resolutions adopted insisting on the general vaccination of the inhabitants, and the isolation of those having the disease to hospitals. The authorities have no power to remove patients to pest-houses, or to compel vaccination. The disease is in a great part confined to French Canadians, who entertain fantastic views and refuse to be vaccinated. New England is in great danger from the disease.

WEST PARIS.

Business prospects for this place are booming. An addition to our steam mill is now talked of 100x38 feet, and said to employ one hundred men when completed, in the manufacture of chairs for J. Wayland Kimball & Co. of New York. J. H. Barrows is entitled to credit for this new business which will be a great help to our little village. What is needed now is capital to build homes for the workmen. An investment of this kind would pay a good dividend.

H. G. Brown, esq., is still confined to his house from sickness.

Capt. Ross has a Holstein and Guernsey heifer calf four months old that girts four feet.

Ora Bird has a fine pair of Durham steer calves five months old that girt four feet and five inches.

George Marshall has a well matched pair of Hereford calves five months old that girt four feet and five inches. Mr. Marshall informs me that he has a sheep that dropped a lamb the middle of last February and dropped another the middle of August, six months between births.

The many friends of Dea. N. Fuller will be pleased to learn that he is now convalescing from his recent severe illness which for a number of days his recovery seemed impossible. Mr. Fuller is 82 years of age, lives on the farm and in the house where he was born. The house was built over 80 years ago by his father, Caleb Fuller, and is in a remarkable state of preservation, looking as cozy and comfortable as our more modern houses.

Dr. F. D. Stevens of Lynn, Mass., has been visiting his uncle, Dr. Yates. Dr. Stevens is one of Oxford County's enterprising young men. He will be remembered by many at South Paris as the little white headed candy boy of 15 years ago or more. Dr. Stevens as a boy was fond of school and received a good English education, the most of which he obtained at the South Paris High School under the instruction of that inestimable teacher, Horatio Swasey. At an early age he went to New Orleans and served as salesman in the boys department of his uncle Harry Stevens, wholesale and retail clothing house. The yellow fever breaking out about a year afterwards he came north. That was about nine years ago. Dr. Yates' wife, his aunt, became deeply interested in Frank and finally persuaded him to study medicine. He gave up his engagement with his uncle at New Orleans and came to West Paris and commenced the study of medicine with his uncle, Dr. Yates, with whom he remained a year or more. He spent some two years in the Medical School in Portland and graduated one of the first of his class in 1880 the day after he was twenty-one years of age at Bowdoin Medical College. By a competative examination he obtained the position as house physician, in the Maine General Hospital in Portland, where he remained one year after his graduation. He then went to Lynn, Mass., to commence the practice of medicine. Having quite a taste for surgery, and by his gentlemanly deportment and skill and good habits he soon attracted the attention of the older physicians who became interested in the young doctor (contrary to the usages of country practitioners) helped him, in many ways, so that in a little more than four years of practice he has come well to the front. He is now city physician of Lynn and has a salary of about nine hundred dollars a year, is a member of the board of health and has been appointed as a surgeon on the hospital staff. Besides all this he enjoys a large and lucrative private practice. This is a good example for our young men.

Dr. Mary E. Carlton is visiting her father, Rev. Ziba Andrews, and brother and sisters for a few weeks of needed rest. Dr. Carlton is a regular graduate of a Medical College and has a large and paying practice in Boston where she is highly esteemed. She smiles at the large medical trunks of the country practitioner and I have no doubt would shudder at many of their long uncomfortable rides.

H. C. Lane's little boy is to all appearances convalescing. Much sickness prevails in this vicinity.

We could it not be advisable for the trustees of the North Paris meeting house to paint the staging poles so long and so conspicuously arraigned in front of their meeting house, lest they may become rotten and the use of them a few years hence might become dangerous.

Frank J. Felt of Lewiston is painting Dr. Yates' buildings. Mr. Felt is one of the best painters in the State.

Nathaniel Young is building a large addition to his house.

Cyrus Buck of Greenwood has a good farm for sale. JXO.

I received the six bottles of Athlophoros and took it all, and thought it was going to cure me. My lameness came on again, however, but not so badly. I shall recommend it to any younger person. Col. Chandler Williams, Bingham, Me.

MEXICO.

Isaac Bradeen was drying hops on Edwin Barrett's kiln, when the kiln took fire and hops and kiln were both burned.

R. G. Worthley at the Corner is very sick with cholera morbus.

The hearing in the case between Sewell Goff and the Bradeens and Mitchell after being in court some time will be tried Wednesday before Hon. Rufus Prince of Turner, referee. Swasey for plaintiff, Bisbee, Hersey and Bandall for defendents.

George Richardson of Roxbury has sold his 4 years old colt to Florus Bartlett of Rumford.

Carrie A. Locke of Roxbury begins the fall term of school in the "Reed" dist. and Esther Wyman of Peru in the "Porter" dist. Monday the 7th. Jennie L. Elliot begins the school in dist. No ——at the same time.

Fred Worthley is repairing his father's house and building an addition to the cellar. COR.

BUCKFIELD.

Robinson Dean is making great improvements in repairing his house. He has put one story on his house and is building an ell that reaches from house to barn. He will have a nice establishment when it is finished. Mr. D.'s brother from Mass., is making him a visit.

Sweet corn for the factory comes in slow. This cold weather keeps the corn from filling out.

Mrs. A. F. Cole and her daughter Mrs. Thomes have commenced a large job on their house in changing the roof etc.

Rev. J. M. Follett has returned from his vacation and commenced his labors again last Sunday. He seemed much improved in health. H.

WEST SUMNER.

Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Martin of Medway, Mass., are visiting at H. S. Coburn's and Mrs. Thomas Mitchell has been visiting her brother, Prof. G. E. Pulsifer. Also Harriett Crockett and a lady friend from Lowell, is visiting her brother Charles and others.

Ada Bonney of this place is teaching a private school at the vestry, and has 24 scholars. She is a first-class teacher. The school is to continue eight weeks.

Conductor Moore of the R. F. & B. R. R. spent last Sabbath with his sister Mrs. N. Ryerson.

Rev. E. H. Gilchrist closes his engagement with the Univ. Society next Sabbath. He will return to Canton N. Y. to resume his studies.

Mr. and Mrs. Streeter and their two daughters of from Salem, are stopping at Hiram Howe's.

There will be a meeting of the G. A. R. Post next Saturday p. m. A large attendance is desired.

Leslie Newell is working with L. E. Gilman in his shop prior to settling on Paris Hill. Lel. is a good boy or rather should say man.

There was a heavy frost on low land here last Monday morning.

CANTON.

The wife of Roscoe G. Dunn died Sept. 4th, after a long and severe sickness.

Business at the corn factory has not been very rushing as the corn comes in slow.

H. T. Burgess, carriage maker, has moved to Wilton, after working in this place about one year.

Cyrus Gammon has taken possession of the shoe shop recently vacated by R. Q. Knowles and will continue business there.

A big time is expected this week at the trotting park.

Geo. W. Moore has recently received a car load of new carriages, which he is selling.

The new landlord at Hotel Swasey is Otis Allen, a brother of Mrs. M. G. Strout.

At a special town meeting last Saturday F. E. Gibbs was released from the office of constable and O. F. Taylor elected in his stead. The town also voted to adopt Greenleaf's new series of mathematics for a term of five years. B.

NORTH BUCKFIELD.

Some of our city company have returned home. Mrs. Mary Clapp, Meada Cressy and Gertie Cary went back to Salem, Mass., last Friday.

Fannie White from Holbrook, Mass., is visiting her friend, Katie Warren.

M. F. Bisbee, who has been away for the past few months in Mass., is again stopping with his mother a few weeks.

Katie Warren and Addie Heald are attending school at West Sumner.

Maude Heald has a new piano.

Agnes Flagg has gone to South Paris to work for Fred DeCoster. Her sister, Annie, is at work in Turner, and Charlie is at home.

Mrs. J. L. Bicknell still remains very feeble.

Two of Mellen Buck's children are very sick with typhoid fever.

Jimmie Record, who stepped on a scythe and cut his foot so badly, is again running around.

Mary Farrar, from Auburn, spent last Sabbath at home.

Aunt Sophia Spaulding, nearly ninety-one years old, takes care of two rooms, does her own cooking and reads the New York Ledger through every week. Says she likes to read a love story as well as ever. She is the grandmother of Mrs. Florence Philbrook of Norway. GLENDALE.

EAST SUMNER.

On Wednesday of last week there was a Sabbath School picnic on grounds fitted up by Chas. B. Bonney, superintendent of the Baptist Sabbath School, a short distance from his residence and near the river. By invitation of the Baptist Sabbath School the two Congregational Schools joined in the picnic. A large part of the day was spent in various games by such as cared to engage in them, and swinging, boating etc. At one time there were three games of croquet in progress, one of base ball, four swings steadily carrying their occupants to and fro, and several boats bearing other picnicers up and down the river. Besides this there were many lookers-on, who seemed to find their happiness in seeing everybody else happy. Not the least attractive feature of the day was the noonday collation. The tables were commodious and very "tastefully" arranged, (in a double sense) with a good seat and a hot dinner for all. In the afternoon a short address was delivered by La Forest Bailey, followed by brief remarks by Rev. R. Scott and others, and a few interesting exercises by the children. Altogether it was a grand success.

BRYANT'S POND.

E. E. Kimball of Gilead, is canvassing Woodstock for Gen. Grant's "Memoirs."

L. N. Cummings and family returned to their home in Mass. Tuesday.

Mrs. Lolice D. Estes is on a five weeks visit to Lynn.

Charles and Gibbs Coffin are visiting a sister in Boston, who is dangerously ill.

Lena I. Houghton went to Fryeburg Tuesday, where she will attend school at the Academy.

The homestead of the late Rev. Ransom Dunham, and other property in connection with his estate will be sold abouts.

by the administrator on Tuesday, Oct. 6th.

Rev. L. H. Tabor will preach at the Universalist Church Sept. 20th at 11 a. m.

The band is on the move; though at first having some difficulty in securing their instruments, they are now making good progress.

Mrs. Chas. Besse of North Woodstock, is sick with rheumatic fever.

Clara G. Bryant is teaching the fall term of school at West Paris village. Lizzie F. Jacobs and Minnie F. Coffin both commenced a fall term of school in Greenwood this week.

Capt. Dearborn is soon to employ more hands at the spool mill. The Clark Thread Co. have lately sent him an order for 10,000 gross of spools per month.

Alonzo Felt marketed nearly a ton of wool this week—at war prices it would be quite pleasant to receive a check for such a batch.

Farmers complain of their potatoes rotting again this year, in the field.

The Methodist Quarterly Meeting will be held here Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 3 and 4. G. P. M.

DIXFIELD.

School at the Academy commenced Sept. 2d, under the charge of Albert Parkes of Mexico, principal, and Mrs. Albert Parkes, assistant. As Mr. Parkes is one of the best of teachers we hope all will avail themselves of so good an opportunity.

O. M. Howard met with misfortune by having two of his fingers on his left hand taken off in an upright moulding machine, the 24th, while at work in W. F. Putnam's sash and door shop.

Mrs. P. F. Kilgore is confined to the house by lameness. She is a great sufferer but does not complain.

W. D. & W. W. Kilgore of North Newry, are spending a few days with their cousin, T. N. Kilgore.

Hon. W. W. Waite and wife start on a pleasure trip to Boston, New York, and probably West Virginia, the 3d. May they have a pleasant and enjoyable time is the wish of all.

EAST WATERFORD.

The family of David G. Pride has been somewhat diminished this week by the departure of Messrs. W. E. and E. C. Pride of Augusta, Wisconsin, and Mrs. R. Fairbanks and three children of Boston. Saturday eve, the 29th ult. there was a social dance in "Pride's Hall" and Tuesday, the 1st inst., the visitors were taken to Kezar Falls and Albany Basins, where they enjoyed the beauties of Nature, and did ample justice to the contents of a well filled lunch basket, which testified in the highest degree to the cullinary skill of their hostess.

PARIS HILL.

The road machine has been repairing the damage done to the highway by recent rains between the Hill and the South villages.

Edward L. Parris, esq., and family of New York are stopping at the Hubbard House.

Prof. Edward S. Parker, an elocutionist from Everett, Mass., gave some fine humorous selections at the Universalist Circle Wednesday evening.

Rev. Dr. King, President of Weyland Seminary, Washington D. C., is visiting his native town.

Ex-Gov. Perham is recovering from his illness in Portland.

Edward P. Chase of Portland is stopping a while in town.

The Children's Mission Band gave a concert at the Baptist vestry Sunday night.

Rev. Mr. Cummings with some of the inmates of the Baldwin Place Home for Little Wanderers will give a concert next Sunday night at the Baptist Church. W.

NORTH BRIDGTON.

School commenced at the Academy Tuesday, Sept. 1st, with about one hundred students.

Geo. Babb is working for Lovejoy & Co. and by appearances we should judge that he is a very profitable hand as all the young ladies seem to have many errands at the store.

The young gentlemen's boarding club is at Cad Mead's this fall and a nice place it is too. JUNIOR.

PORTER.

Mrs. Walter Ridlon of this town, one of our former pupils in N. H., spent a few days with us last week. Many pleasant memories of school days were revived and it seemed but yesterday they were enacted. It is indeed a great pleasure to turn back the pages of memory and in imagination live over those joyous days.

Elmer Coney of Reading, Mass., and Ansel E. Bean of Brownfield, were our guests on Sunday.

F. A. Fox of Porter, is teaching the fall term of school at Brownfield Center. He is a first-class teacher and if the scholars do their duty they may expect a profitable term.

Jerry Pugsley lost a fine hog last week, cause unknown.

John Norton, son of Frank Norton, is down with measles and we understand there are a few other cases in town.

There are several cases of whooping cough among the children but in a mild form.

Mrs. Frank Pearl and her child, who have been very sick with fever, are improving.

We were very glad to hear
Once more from "Brownie" dear,
And every hour we read
From her truly magic pen,
Shall expect items rich and rare,
Gathered no matter where.
We will try to match them all,
"By their great or be they small."

Mrs. D. D. Ridlon, who has been in poor health for several months, seems to be steadily improving.

William Ridlon is going to make some addition to his house.

Charles Davis is at work on Charles Pugsley's new house.

Rev. G. T. Ridlon of Manchester, N. H., is on a visit to his friends and relatives in this town. S. L. H.

WEST PERU.

We are glad "Observer" has taken it upon himself to write up the horse business for our west end; there are several they call good ones. We never have been the owner of one, can't talk or write horse dialect and a single attempt to do so through the ADVERTISER in which we mentioned that "a neighbor drove a gamey looking jade past us at a pace that made our hair stand, considering the rough state of our roads," sold her at a figure, that has been the night-mare of our existence ever since, and we fear will be the first sum to be subtracted from our felicities in the hereafter. The buyer got left and we won't risk the little balance standing in our credit over there by lending a horse jocky into temptation again.

D. H. Thing, lecturer of the State Grange, will lecture in Union Hall, West Peru, next Friday at 2.30 p. m.

R. B. Lunt has had a relapse.

Mrs. Noah Hall is quite sick.

J. S. Hammon is sick with pneumonia.

Hay is not all cut yet.

Hop growers are the color of Benj. Franklin's stockings, when minister to the court of St. James. It now looks as that they may have to put money with the hops to pay for picking.

The guardian mania is epidemic here.

The lumber mills property at West Peru has been sold to E. I. Austin; $625.

Mr. Randall is visiting at G. G. Hussey's. He has a nice span of black horses and hails from Monroville, Me. H. S. M.

LOCKE'S MILLS.

We had a very pleasant call from G. W. Partridge from Lisbon, last Sunday.

Heavy frosts here last Sunday night.

Daniel D. and Charles K. Cross while hunting last week on Mount Abram, found a swam of bees in a maple stub about two feet through and last Saturday night when it rained very hard, took the bees and honey from the stub, and judged they got some two hundred pounds of honey.

Summer company in some of the boarding houses is leaving.

Our friend Richard Meagher and mother left Dudley Cottage Sept. 4th; also Grace Stephenson. Miss Wyer leaves Tuesday, Sept. 8th. B.

Died in Boston Aug. 31st Mrs. Lucinda Jackson, aged 50 years. The remains were brought to Locke's Mills for interment. The funeral was attended Thursday, Sept. 3d by Rev. L. H. Tabor of Bryant's Pond. L. M.

GREENWOOD.

Bertha, 10 years of age daughter of I. F. Emmons, goes twice a week to W. Paris to take music lessons on the piano; teacher, Cyrus Ripley's daughter of Paris.

Austin Hayes, son of Mrs. I. F. Emmons, has gone to school at Hebron Academy.

Etta Whittle has engaged to teach the fall term of school on High St. Paris.

Mrs. Moses Yates is very low and not expected to live from day to day. She is 82 years of age.

Joseph Emmons is putting a new roof on his house and taking down the old chimney and going to have a new one in its place.

I was in the woods Monday and saw a poplar sprout that grew this year 62 feet tall. Some of the leaves measured 11x15 inches, looking like elephant's ears or nearly as large. JOHN.

HARRISON.

The steamer Sebago sank at the wharf last Friday night in some five or six feet of water and now remains there with the lower deck under water. The cause is not known yet but probably the bottom had become worn by the dragging across sandbars in low water time. The boat is to be raised and the damage will most likely be considerable.

The Burnham & Morrill corn shop at this place has started and things are once more lively about this neat and convenient establishment, which is under the management of Harris Allen who is surely the right man in the right place.

Business has been very good with the enterprising hotel man, O. A. Kneeland this summer and he has had so many boarders that he has been obliged to get many of them lodged at other places in the village. He has been running another house at Sebago, which I understand he has leased for five years.

Next Saturday the village B. B. Club are to play with the No. Waterfords at "the latter place." The boys here have played a number of games this season but with poor success. "TATTLER."

SOUTH HIRAM.

Mr. Daniel Gray is spending a few weeks in Boston with his daughter, Mrs. J. Monroe Libby.

C. F. Wadsworth has been enlarging his cranberry house. A very light crop of cranberries is expected this year. M.

BETHEL.

Miss Caroline Roach, dramatic reader, of Boston, and late teacher of elocution at Gould Academy, will probably give a recital at Bethel late in September. Her many friends will be glad of the opportunity to listen to her readings and the lady will undoubtedly have a full house. M.

WALCHVILLE.

The south part of the village has very few wells of good water. It has always been a healthy place just the same. Fevers of any kind are seldom known here. Some of our citizens think of laying an aquaduct from Pigeon Hill to the village, where a good supply of pure water from a spring is found.

It is said that H. W. Coy has between four and five acres of sweet corn that was damaged by the frost last week.

A party went blackberrying at Norway last Sunday, and we think they should not go there again on Sunday.

I. H. Murdock keeps a good assortment of groceries, confectionery, etc. Drop in and try some of his choice cigars.

Mrs. Jenny King has come from Portland, where she has been staying some time. A.

The Hiram Gilbert farm has been sold to John Ballou.

The dance hall connected with old "Gilbert tavern" has been torn down.

The Harper Manufacturing Company have now obtained a site which cannot be so easily rolled out of the office. This one weighs 3350 pounds and is so placed in the office that if it is moved it will go through the floor.

The ladies of the Methodist church gave another supper in the new schoolhouse, last Wednesday evening, with the addition of a fair, "Art in Industry" and music by the Oxford brass band. The receipts were over sixty dollars, which amount, with what they obtained at their other supper, and from other sources, will be enough to put a good stone underpinning under the church. The art gallery was a novelty and a surprise to all. Instead of having paintings and other works of art as one would naturally suppose, the subjects were represented "figuratively," we should call it. The first subject we noticed was "the Red Sea and Pharaoh beyond," which was a red C and two carpenters' planes. "The four seasons" were a bottle each of mustard, pepper, salt and vinegar; and some fifteen or more subjects were similarly represented.

It is now expected that there will be an oyster supper in the old school house Wednesday evening, the 16th, for the joint purpose of a good time and for raising money to grade the school grounds.

Sam and H. Harriman are at Bridgton loom-fixing. NOX.

FRYEBURG.

The Academy opened Wednesday with one hundred and fourteen pupils. More are expected.

OTISFIELD.

Wm. W. Chute cut two crops of clover from 14 acres of ground that in bulk would measure eight tons. Each crop was eight heavy horse loads, or making sixteen loads for both. On the same piece of land he raised last year one hundred and ten bushels of oats by weight. From one kernel of rye he raised one hundred and forty-four heads this year. How is that for a yield?

Edward Morey recently shelled three and a half bushels of Lima beans for W. W. Chute in one day. He could have done more but the pods gave out.

ALBANY.

In consequence of the cold, wet weather, corn in this vicinity is pronounced a failure, and potatoes are commencing to rot.

James A. Kimball is again at work on his house. He intends to finish the new ell before cold weather.

Mrs. Dora Getchell is at home from Lewiston, where she has been the past season, dressmaking. She is to return next week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Grover have returned from Bethel where they have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. Simeon Brown.

Mrs. Estella York is visiting at Fred Leonard's, at South Waterford.

Mrs. Kizzie Cummings cut her finger very badly with a chopping knife.

Frank Bean shot a hawk Sept. 8th, measuring three feet and a half from tip to tip. PETER PINDER.

HANOVER.

It was my good privilege to be present at a very interesting family gathering of the surviving members of the late William Frost of Rumford, at the grove of the eldest son, Simeon, F., last Tuesday the 8th. Of a family of eleven children seven are living and were present, viz: Simeon F., Wm. P., Chas. W., Daniel G., Clark B., Mrs. Geneva Kimball and Mrs. Eunice Brown, with a goodly number of grand-children and great grand-children. A table was spread and bountifully loaded from the baskets; a big pot was hung on a pole over the fire and boiled just seven minutes, and dinner was ready, to which all did ample justice, save one who was compelled to punish his stomach because of a severe headache. After dinner some slight of hand tricks were very neatly performed by one of the company, after which came the songs of ye olden time, and all being children of singers, they were able to fill the woods with harmony that will linger with the memory of that day till time shall have an end.

Our village school commenced last Monday. Alice Bryant is teacher.

J. A. Virgin is making quite extensive repairs on his grist mill; he will not grind for two weeks.

GILEAD.

Milen Bennett, so reported will go into Skillings' boarding house soon.

Stephen Pratt of Philips is canvassing this vicinity for Nursery stock and entertaining us with laughable stories.

Mrs. Etta Pike of Greenwood made her brother, Almon Whitman, a visit last Sunday.

Sumner Moore of Groveton and P. G. Evans of Gorham, were in town last week.

A slight frost has been reported.

We spent a very pleasant hour with Mainard Burbank a few days since. Mr. B. is one of our best farmers and takes great interest in the business. He has a splendid farm situated on the west side of the Androscoggin near the State line. This and Milton Evans' farm adjoining was purchased for fifty cents an acre, but now could not be bought for a good round price. Mr. B. showed me a splendid barn full of No. 1 hay; also a 2 year old heifer calf two and a half months old that girted 3 feet and 7 inches. He is after the Hereford breed and is as nice a made calf as I have seen for many a day; also his Jerseys, swine and fowls, and last but not least his fruit crop, which allowing us to be judge was very fine.

Misses Everett and Prescott are back from their visit to Bethel.

Lydia Swan has gone home to Locke's Mills her mother being sick.

Albert Brown got his foot quite badly jammed a few days ago.

Mason's show was a success and an enjoyable time to all.

School in Dist. No. 5 commenced Monday last under the instruction of Lottie Lawrence of Bethel. MUNN.

ANDOVER.

I've absent been for many a day,
But here I am again;
I like a truant went astray,
But here I am again;
And though I've traveled far ahead
Since my items last you read,
It is with pleasure now I tread
Among you here again.

But 'tis my hope that just a few
Remember me again,
For I am ready to renew
Their fellowship again;
To let this be the link that binds
The claim of all forgetful minds,
That they in me remembrance find,
And I will come again.

The measles are rapidly dying away, Doll was the last victim.

The lost child has returned, Fred Dresser is on a visit from Lewiston.

A party of twelve went picnicing to Roxbury pond, all enjoyed a splendid time, and in the evening they adjourned to the skating rink. Oscar Cutting gave an exhibition of fancy skating which was well applauded by the spectators. One skater came very near losing some buttons.

Landlord Thomas is making a vast improvements on his hotel by building a two story piazza.

Harry Bacon, our young and ingenious boat and house builder, has built himself a large workshop 26x36. He is now ready to build any kind or size of a boat at moderate prices.

The lake travel will be light this fall on account of putting in a new dam at the upper dam, fishing is poor there but it is better at the middle dam.

Dr. Twitchell was aroused from his slumbers at three o'clock in the morning to attend a sick man at the middle dam.

The tooth pick factory has a started up

One day last week an Andover man went to the lakes and saw a friend who has been guiding two gentlemen for the past month, when asked what profession they were in, replied that "one was a student and the other was going through college."

Meetings have been held regarding the holding of a cattle fair, which is to take place some time next month.

A. W. Thomas laid poor old Charlie in the dust, it took a stout heart to do it, and Albert came very near breaking up. He had owned the horse for a number of years, and although spayined he had plenty of offers from jockeys but sooner than let it pass into their hands he killed it.

Cora Cutting has gone on a visit with her sister, Mrs. Corson, to Dover, N. H.

Quite a number of parties have been camping out at Locke's old camp on the lake road. A party from here numbering a half-dozen, camped there last week. One of the company was taken sick with the night horse or mare, and claimed that he had eaten too many oysters and, in consequence they gave him a pain under his vest. Now Charles be a little more careful next time.

The Rev. Mr. Parlin is drawing a large house at the Methodist Church. The Cong. Church closed their house on account of lack of attendance and adjourned to hear Mr. Parlin's sermon. They were well repaid for their trouble.

J. W. Eaton gave an order to a runner for one hundred silver dollars. Joe means to put the above into circulation. H.

The Greatest Medical Discovery is "L. F." Atwood's Bitters, which has relieved a vast multitude of people. Ask for "L. F."

FOR EARACHE, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swelled Neck, and the results of cold and inflammation, use Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil—the great pain destroyer.

NORTH WATERFORD.

The North Waterfords played a game of ball with the Bolster's Mills club Saturday at Pine Grove. Score 9 to 25 in favor of North Waterfords.

Dr. N. D. Faunce, wife, and Roby Knight, of Florida, are visiting at C. F. Rice's.

There was a heavy frost Sunday night, doing much damage on some of the low-land farms. NED.

NORTH RUMFORD.

Uncle Hezekiah Silver is one of the oldest men in our town, being in his ninety-first year. About four weeks since he rode ten miles to have his picture taken, it being the first time in his life of ninety-one years that he has had his likeness taken.

Mrs. E. O. Jewell, who has been stopping at John Howe's during the summer, has returned to her home at South Paris, and her sister, Miss Ostrando, has returned to her school in New York.

C. M. Hutchins' school at the Point commenced Aug. 31st, with an attendance of thirty, which will probably be increased this week.

James Elliott has the finest little boat we have seen for many a day. It is one of his own manufacture, and is made of cedar and pine and weighs less than fifty pounds. The oars are hung on hinges from a post in the center of the boat and on either side are air boxes, which prevent the tipping of the little craft. It is a light and neatly constructed little concern and will skim over the water very rapidly.

Rev. W. W. Hooper preached to a very interested audience at the Univ. church at the Point, Sunday the 6th, from the 15th chapter and 58th verse of I. Corinthians; "Wherefore, my brethren, be ye steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

Mr. Bradeen, the peddler, is here again. Just now he is speculating in dogs. If you want one just speak to him.

"Mark Tapley" called on us a little time since, and we laughed till we cried over his droll stories.

The hop houses are now in full blast, and the fumes of brimstone fill the air. The crews gather about the large furnaces at night and roast corn, sing songs and tell stories or listen to music of harp and violin, and purchance clear away the long table in the dining room and have a hop.

J. H. Hutchins has been doing H. E. Hutchins' harvesting on account of the latter's family being sick with the measles and he was unable to attend to it.

It is said the editor passed through this section last week, but we did not see him.

Henry Newton is mailing the corn boxes for Mr. Webb. He has nailed 115 in one day and trimmed them.

Rev. E. A. Hoyt and wife returned to Skowhegan the 31st of August.

A Mr. Timberlake of Farmington passed through here last week selling essences.

Partridges are very plenty but wild.

A white frost Saturday night.

Mrs. Bunton of Boston is visiting at her father's, Wm. Elliot. Katie Elliot, who has been spending a few weeks with her, has returned. JEM KEEN.

SOUTH CASCO.

Mrs. Isabelle Mitchell has returned from Lynn.

Miss Shaw, of Otisfield, is in the place visiting friends.

We received a pleasant call the other evening from Hon. S. C. Watkins and wife.

Jamie Graham shot a hawk last week that measured nine feet and three inches from tip to tip.

Mrs. Susie Anderson, of Boston, called at our residence one day last week.

Mr. Gay, of this place, has so far recovered as to be seen in the street.

F. C. Mitchell has been at home lately nursing a dislocated elbow.

Capt. Lombard of the South Casco B. B. C. is unable to play ball, as there are no local nines strong enough for him. Will not some young nine within fifteen miles challenge Lombard?

(Communication.

Glen House, N. H., Sept. 9th, 1885.

MR. EDITOR:—Thinking that you would like to hear from the Glen House and the Mountains, I will try to pen you a few lines. I came here the 31st day of Aug. and the House has been pretty well filled. There are only sixteen waiters here now and we are kept pretty busy during the three meals. The hours for breakfast are from seven until ten. Then we are off duty until 2 o'clock. The dinner hours are from two until four and we are at leisure from four until seven. Supper hours are from seven until nine. We are kept pretty busy during breakfast, dinner and supper hours, but the rest of the time we have to ourselves. Since I have been here it has rained a little most every day, but for all that it does not seem to stop the rush of summer travel. The Glen House is most always filled with guests, it being the only house on the east side of the Mountains. The house is rightly named for it is situated in a glen, in every sense of the word. There are high mountains on every side. The new Glen House is by far the prettiest house around the mountains. The summit house of Mt. Washington is eight miles from the Glen House and is very handsome to look at in a clear day. It looks to be a great deal farther off than it is. The first season I was up here I made the ascent by the carriage road in 2 hours, 8 minutes, it being then the best time on foot, the quickest being 1 hour, 58 min. I shall try and be a better record before I go. The Glen is 8 miles the G. C. R. R. from here, P. & O. R. R. [illegible] at Gorham and 15 miles to Gl[illegible] Station on coaches that go to Gle[illegible] There are three to Gorham daily, a[illegible] Station and two have to run more [illegible] some days they travel. The Hot[illegible] accommodate the [illegible] of this month. [illegible] closes the last day [illegible] B.

Henry James begins a new story, "The Pr[illegible]ness Casamassima," in the [illegible] for *Atlantic*, and the reader will find it totally unlike anything he has previously written. Mrs. Oliphant's serial is remarkably interesting just now, and Mr. Warner and Dr. Holmes give entertaining installments of "On Horseback" and "Our New Portfolio." Mr. Howells has a critical and biographical notice of the Italian poet Leop[illegible] and Mr. Scudder contributes a paper on "Childhood in English Literature and Art." There is a thoughtful article—"Ancient and Modern Greek"—on the "Greek question" in college, by William Cranston Lawton.

Tired Languid Dull

Exactly expresses the condition of thousands of people at this season. The depressive effects of the weather, and the weak condition of the body, can only be corrected by the use of a reliable tonic and blood purifier like Hood's Sarsaparilla. Why another so close at hand. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It will give you untold wealth in health, strength and energy.

Adolf Lallez, carriage manufacturer, Carroll Place, N. Y., states: "I was troubled with nausea of the stomach, sick headache and general debility. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me."

Burdock Blood Bitters cured me."

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.*
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall-st, N. Y.

The Only

medicine I ever found that helped me at all is ATHLOPHOROS, and I have not had the Rheumatism since I took it.—EDWIN SEARS, Providence, Mass.

A professor in a medical college once said to his class "put your hand in a vice, turn the screw until the pain is all you can bear, and that's rheumatism; turn the screw once more, and that's neuralgia—and gentlemen, the medical profession known no cure for either." That was before the discov. of **ATHLOPHOROS** which does and will cure or **Rheumatism** and **Neuralgia**, and many physicians use it regularly—frankly admitting that they can prescribe nothing else so effective.

Many persons have tried so many so-called remedies, without benefit, that they have no faith to try more, but it is worth your while to try **Athlophoros**, if you have any doubts as to its value write for names of parties in your own State who have been cured by its use.

Ask your druggist for **Athlophoros**. If you cannot get it of him we will send it express paid on receipt of regular price—**$1.00** per bottle. We prefer that you buy it from your druggist, but if he hasn't it do not be persuaded to try something else, but order at once from us as directed.
ATHLOPHOROS CO., 112 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

BOLSTER'S MILLS.

The citizens of this place were pleased to welcome their former pastor, Rev. J. W. Twort, last Thursday evening. He gave them one of his good sermons.

Misses Ella and Clara Stuart have been visiting relatives and friends in this vicinity. Miss Ella has a nice position in a school in Chelsea. FORGET-ME-NOT.

SNOW'S FALLS.

The preliminary steps to rebuild the pulp mill here are progressing under the direction of Geo. W. Rymes of Boston, civil engineer and practical machinist. George R. Hammond of Paris is to erect the building. The mill is to be below the falls and in close proximity to the power. The main building is to be fifty by thirty-seven feet, and two stories high; the stream being spanned by the mill, and the space of thirty-seven feet being supported by trusses.

Fred J. Wood of Boston, is spending a few weeks here, occupying his residence above the Falls.

Edwin S. Henry and daughter, of Stoughton, Mass., are visiting at his brother's, Robert S. Henry's. Mrs. Henry has returned from Berlin Falls.

"Uncle" Morse, the veteran salesman for B. B. Farnsworth & Co., Portland, and daughter, spent Sunday at Geo. W. Hammond's.

There was a slight frost here the night of the 6th, but not enough to do serious damage.

Thousands Say So.

Mr. T. W. Atkins, Girard, Kan., writes: "I never hesitate to recommend your Electric Bitters to my customers, they give entire satisfaction, and are rapid sellers." Electric Bitters are the purest and best medicine known, and will positively cure Kidney and Liver complaints. Purify the blood and regulate the bowels. No family can afford to be without them. They will save hundreds of dollars in doctor's bills every year. Sold at fifty cents a bottle.

DYSPEPSIA

Causes its victims to be miserable, hopeless, confused, and depressed in mind, very irritable, languid, and drowsy. It is a disease which does not get well of itself. It requires careful, persistent attention, and a remedy to throw off the causes and tone up the digestive organs till they perform their duties willingly. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proved just the required remedy in hundreds of cases.

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for dyspepsia, from which I have suffered two years. I tried many other medicines, but none proved so satisfactory as Hood's Sarsaparilla."—THOMAS COOK, Engineer Brooklyn Electric Light Co., New York City.

Sick Headache

"For the past two years I have been afflicted with severe headaches and dyspepsia. I was induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and have found great relief. I cheerfully recommend it to all." MRS. E. F. ANSHAW, New Haven, Conn.

Mrs. Mary C. Smith, Cambridgeport, Mass., was a sufferer from dyspepsia and sick headache. She took Hood's Sarsaparilla and it the best remedy she ever used.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

NON-RESIDENT TAXES

In the town of Greenwood, in the County of Oxford for the year 1884.

The following list of taxes on real estate of non-resident owners in the town of Greenwood, for the year 1884, in bills committed to Richard L. Cole collector of said town, on the seventeenth day of July 1884, has been returned by him to me as remaining unpaid on the twenty-seventh day of June, 1885. By a certificate of that date, and now remain unpaid, and notice is hereby given that if the said taxes, and interest and charges are not paid into the treasury of said town within eighteen months from the date of the commitment of said bills, so much of the real estate taxed as will be sufficient to pay the amount due thereon, including interest and charges, will without further notice be sold at public auction at the office of the Rebels Manufacturing Co. in said town, on the twentieth day of January, 1886, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon.

Lands lying in the South part of the town of Greenwood formerly known by the name of Phillips Academy Grant.

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to Boston, 4.50
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for Sale!
at a bargain my
EATING HOUSE,
Also Horse, Carts,
uire or Address
HERLEIGH,
PARIS.
ASSETT,
SHERIFF,
y, Me.
opposite Universal-
telegraph will receive
orders.

Oxford County Advertiser.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 11, 1885.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Oysters—S. H. Porter.
Millinery—Mrs. E. E. Bennet.
Yarns—N. Dayton Bolster.
Dress Goods—S. B. & Z. S. Prince.
Wanted—A Girl.
Notice—M. E. Crockett.
Dry Goods—Brackett's Branch
Johnsons Anodyne Linement
Athlophoros.
Dog Lost
Business for Sale
Powder, etc—A M Gerry
Messenger's Notice

NORWAY AND VICINITY.

O. W. Collins was in town the past week.

S. L. Crockett is having a Doran Furnace put into his store.

Mrs. Lucelia Cummings is at Portland for a few weeks.

Two young men got to fighting Tuesday night and a badly chewed up ear is the result.

Rev. J. A. Seitz and daughter of North Conway, are in town.

A new line of tricot dress goods in colors at C. N. Tubbs & Co.'s. Call and see.

Crockett has several hundred pounds of his celebrated Condition Powders for sale. See adv.

The Universalist Society is to have a picnic next Saturday in Brown's grove at the Falls. Dinner at 2 o'clock.

Jacob Hobbs and daughter, Mrs. Moore of Arlington, Mass., are visiting here.

The report that there is a case of small pox in town is purely malicious and we are happy to say without foundation.

Mrs. Enoch Knight and grand-daughter of Gorham, N. H., are visiting at Samuel Fayor's.

Work was commenced on the foundation of the new shoe factory Tuesday morning.

Dr. F. H. Tilton has just received a fresh supply of vaccine virus which he is using extensively about town.

That account book has not been found yet, at least not returned to the owner. If any one has found such a book return it to Geo. A. Cole.

G. C. Cordwell, the Greenwood mail carrier, did the proper thing recently by presenting us with a box of fine blackberries. Thanks.

Whitcomb & Smiley are receiving a full line of fall dress goods of the latest styles. For fancy goods and standard articles you may go farther and fare worse to visit their store. All their goods are fresh and new. *

At the town meeting, Saturday, it was unanimously voted to repair the old shoe factory, and to exchange the boiler and engine, if it was necessary, for new ones.

Rev. S. S. Cummings of Boston with his singers from the "Home for Little Wanderers" will be at the Methodist Church, South Paris, next Sunday a. m., and at the Norway Methodist Church in the p. m., 2 o'clock.

John W. Lassalle of Norway Lake, brings in a footed-and-a-half of a crab-tree on which there were thirty well formed crab-apples. There were thirty-two apples on it but two had dropped off. The crab-tree is the property of Lizzie M. Noble.

The Public Library catalogue contains 24 pages and comprise nearly 500 volumes. It is now in the hands of the binder and will be placed on sale at ten cents per copy next Saturday noon. Copies can be had by calling at the Library Saturday afternoon.

Job Stirk has his house on Paris St. nearly completed. C. L. Paraguard on the same street has his wall along toward completion. On the same street, opposite the Fair Asso. building, C. S. Russell of Oxford has commenced to put up a set of buildings, with stable, which he is to occupy as soon as finished.

The contract for building the new shoe factory has been let to Fred G. Kelley of Lynn, Mass., for $10,650, which includes benches. The lumber is to be furnished by C. L. Hathaway of Norway. Work is to commence as soon as possible. The foundation is being put in by Ansel Dudley & Son.

The success of another Maine man. A new and valuable discovery of an Eye Water for the aid and preservation of the sight has recently been brought out by Dr. E. H. Burnham, the celebrated Optician of Worcester, Mass., formerly of Lewiston, Me. Hundreds in this state who have had this Eye Water in use for a time past, speak very highly of its excellent qualities. He recently received an offer of $10,000 from a Worcester firm for his right. *

Three way-faring men brought to our office last Monday a black and tan hound female pup that had run from somewhere and wished us to advertise the same and try and find an owner who we do this week. The dog is well-behaved and like all pups playful and mischievous. We have chistened it "Gipsy Tiser" and if we do not hear of the lawful owner of this long eared nuisance within four days after the publication of this paragraph the said dog will be shot or chloroformed. If you want your dog, write, telegraph or call.

Among the horses and colts now being fitted on the track we notice that Henry F. Dimmock of Bryant's Pond, is handling five. "Victor Patchen" and "Shamrock" owned by O. Perry Farrington; "Rosa Bonner" owned by Houghton & Cushman; "Gipsy" owned by F. Cole, and "Gipsey B." owned by F. M. Bartlett, all of Bryant's Pond. The names of the other horses we have not learned. Ed M. Thayer is fitting three; John Fowler, three; Chas. Thayer, S. E. Kimball, Dr. C. W. Brown, Geo. D. Rowe and Chas. Crosby, one each. Business is lively on the track.

There was a colliding accident on Main Street Tuesday evening between Mr. Lang, a commercial traveler of Portland, and Frank Barrows and lady of South Paris. The former drove a span and a heavy wagon while Barrows had a light buggy, consequently the latter carriage got the worst of it. The aggravating question in dispute was the exact amount of damage done Barrows' carriage. A commission of highly respectable Norway citizens was convened the following morning to settle this grave question and mark damages. Each party plead his own case, but Lang was materially assisted by his friend and adviser, H. H. Jones, and the commission brought in a verdict of $7.00 for Barrows.

Wednesday, Sept. 2d, 1885, a cousin party of forty-five Milletts met at Mrs. Henry C. Reed's and Nathan Millett's for a day of mutual pleasure. The air of the bracing type, put all in pleasant mood. Mrs. Henry Millett of 86 years, Nathan Millett of 85 years, and Mrs. H. C. Reed of 81 years, the three oldest of the party, all appeared well and to enjoy the sport of the younger ones. Rev. Mr. Gilchrist preaching for the summer for West Paris Universalists, assisted very acceptably in services at the table. And this reminds us of all the good things of the season that we ate. N. W. Millett and wife, Augusta, assisted Mrs. Reed and daughters in entertaining the company very pleasantly in the good old-fashioned free and easy way, which put all in a frame of enjoyment. The music by D. H. Young and daughters of Portland, and Frank A. Young and family of West Paris, was no small part of the day's sport.

Dr. C. W. Brown recently shot seven partridges in a half days gunning.

Dr. O. W. Burnham, optician, has been here.

Mrs. W. W. Gerry remembered us this week with a box of as fine looking and tasting pears as one would ask for.

All ladies interested in the Public Library Fair are requested to meet at the Library next Monday, Sept. 14, at 3 o'clock p. m.

Ridlon, clerk for E. W. Howe, was thrown from the store wagon recently and badly shook up.

The Public Library will be opened Saturday afternoon from 2 o'clock to 5 in the afternoon and from 7 to 8 in the evening.

Katie F. Pingree is home from Haverhill on a visit to her parents, Wm. S. Pingree of Oxford.

Andrews & Trafton are on the war path again. They have started out after cattle and will be back here next week with a large drove.

Mrs. Dr. Drake of North Weymouth, and Mrs. F. E. Drake of Manchester, Mass., are in town visiting their friends and relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Moore have commenced housekeeping in Mrs. Gerry's rent on Pleasant St.

Miss Hattie Dyer of North Weymouth, Mass., is spending a few weeks in our village, the guest of Florence Drake.

J. L. Partridge of Norway Lake was the first to pay fifty dollars in cash for two shares of the Norway Shoe Factory stock.

Clara Pond, table girl at the Elm House, recently received a present of a very nice gold pencil.

C. B. Cummings recently brought out the old queen's arm and shot a mink that was molesting the aquatic evolutions of his ducks. The firing and killing took place on the bridge on Bridge Street.

There is a lamp on exhibition at C. G. Mason's that eclipses the light of sixteen ordinary lamps. You should see it. It is the wonder of the age. *

Friday evening there will be a dance at Walker's Hall, Norway Lake, under the management of C. F. Etter. The Gipsey Queen will take those from the village who wish to go. Music by Home Circle Orchestra. Tickets 50 cents per couple.

Adamantine Crystal Cement, that will surely stick crockery, glass ware, etc., together, is for sale at C. G. Mason's. Also powder, shot and shell of all kinds as well as catridges. * Tell Charles you saw this in the paper and receive a cigar.

J. A. Bolster has a dozen good house lots for sale cheap. They are located on Beal street. He also has two new houses for sale. Call on him and get prices.

A. A. Everett & Co. have their grocery store running in full blast at his residence near the Corn Shop. It is a busy time of year in that locality just now and we are glad he is doing a prosperous business. He keeps a good assortment of goods.

Gen. Beal don't believe in posting notices on trees, door steps and front yard fences. He is not alone in entertaining that notion.

Frank T. True, brother of Asa D. of this village, who has been clerking at Stratford, N. H. for several years past has returned to this village and is to go into the grocery business with his brother at the Falls.

Nina, a five year old daughter of L. T. Wardwell of Oxford, was run over while crossing Main Street last Tuesday. She was badly bruised and scratched but probably escaped without serious injury.

We have discovered the owner for the lap robe recently advertised as found. The owner is Edward F. Prescott of Dover, N. H., who writes us that he advertised his loss for several weeks in another paper but was unable to find the one who picked it up. Advertising pays according to the circulation of a paper. In a paper of 2000 circulation you have four times as many chances of hearing from your ad. as you would in a paper with 500 circulation. This is plain arithmetic.

Miss M. E. Crockett, who has been in the millinery business here for the past nine years, has sold her business to Mrs. J. R. Bennett of So. Paris, who takes possession at once. Mrs. Bennett will visit the city next week and supply the store with a new stock of fall millinery. She is to close out her millinery business at So. Paris and consequently has marked the stock below cost to insure quick sales. Miss Crockett will remain with Mrs. Bennett in the Norway store and Miss L. M. Brock will have charge of the South Paris store.

Chas. B. Cummings and his son Ed. went to Dead Cambridge, Umbagog way, the past week. They report a catch of trout sufficient for their immediate wants and a good time. Sewell Pratt went with them. They brought home a live spruce partridge. Charles caught it with his line and pole. The partridge was first seen while on the ground and Cummings made a lasso and crept upon it but was foiled by the bird going into tree. After considerable cautious working Charles passed the slip-noose over the partridges neck while in the tree and captured it. It is now alive and doing well.

SOUTH PARIS.

Buildings rise almost like mushrooms. Six new houses are now far towards completion. Mr. Barrows will enter his by the first of Oct. Capt. Bolster's double tenement is ready for occupation. Ben Swett has laid foundation and hopes to have his house ready for winter use.

Mrs. Sumner Tucker will let the upper part of her house.

Mrs. Eliza Moore is visiting friends at Mechanic Falls.

Hattie Leach has returned from Oxford.

Lizzie Morse is obliged to discontinue dress-making on account of her eyes, and will soon go to New York for treatment.

Primary School opened Sept. 6, with Emma Shurtleff as teacher.

Fred H. Stover has been admitted to National Deaf Mute College on recommendation of Congressman Dingley.

Mrs. Leroy Abbott is failing. Harry Stowell continues about the same.

Charles Mixer is expected home this week from Machias, where he has gone for his health.

Latest advices regarding the health of Rev. Ira G. Sprague are not flattering, through the summer he has hardly held his own.

It is very unpleasant that one cannot catch a glimpse of our pretty river save through piles of empty cans, and other off-scourings which are being dumped along its banks. Health officers take notice. MISS WEED.

WHITTEMORE DISTRICT.—Farmers have most of their grain in the barn and in very good condition. Hay has not been quite so heavy as some years yet better than was expected before haying.

Mrs. Davis and daughter of Haverhill Mass., are visiting her parents, Mr. Solon Royal and wife.

Mrs. Ella French is in quite feeble health.

Mrs. Hollis Hall of Buckfield, who has been sick and confined to the bed since last March, died last week.

Aaron Cobbet has commenced work on a new barn to replace the one he had destroyed by fire a few weeks ago.

S. M. King is removing the large rocks from a field south of the stony brook road. It will improve the looks very much besides being more convenient for his mowing machine.

Cucumbers are doing very well. Farmers complain of the vines being brittle.

The road machine and men with plenty of oxen have put our roads in passable condition again. The big rain caused considerable washing out.

Chas. Thayer and wife have gone up to the lakes on the Magalloway visiting.

The corn comes in very slowly this season on account of the late spring.

Last Wednesday the grate to one of the boilers dropped out down to the corn shop and caused a slight delay.

Hod Starbird was in town yesterday. Horace drives a team at the State Fair this fall as usual.

Mrs. Aggie Penfold of Island Pond, had her piano shipped to her new home this week.

John Pierce has entered his two year old filly Zephyr M. in the two year old race at the State Fair.

Nellie True of Portland is stopping in town visiting her uncle David N. True.

Wilson & Greenleaf have a small house and lot for sale, within 15 minutes walk of the Post-office. Price very low. This is a bargain. Call before it is sold.

Dr. Rounds has sold his horse and wants to buy a good one.

E. A. Haven of Jersey City, N. J., has been in town the past week selling Law books for the firm of F. D. Linn & Co. He offers some rare bargains.

W. H. Penfold was in town last Monday.

Barrows, the blacksmith, has his new house nearly completed.

R. Graham has opened a first-class clothing house in the Briggs store formerly occupied by Gus. Kenney. He has large assortment of nice goods and will guarantee first-class work and a good fit. Give him a call and look over his goods. Mr. G. comes from Bridgton very highly recommended.

Tytherleigh offers his business for sale. A good business has been established and a man will do well here. See adv.

A. M. Gerry, the druggist, has a full supply of sporting material, including the best of guns and rifles. He offers a good single barrel breech-loading gun for $10.00. Goods warranted.

Girl wanted to do housework. See adv.

Mrs. Jennie Bennett is selling out her millinery stock at a low figure to close out business here. She has bought Mrs. E. E. Crockett's millinery business at Norway.

Mrs. Josiah Burnham, a former teacher here, is visiting in town.

Mollen Bearce, H. B. Sturtevant and E. C. Benson have taken the contract to remove the surface rocks on Sylvan Shurtleff's place.

Funds have been raised by subscription and the soldiers' monument has been removed to the Park.

E. C. Merrill has been obliged to put in a new dam.

Gertie Curtis, daughter of O. G. Curtis, was obliged on account of sickness to return from the Intervale House, North Conway, N. H., where she was intending to remain during the season.

C. C. Andrews has put a barbed wire fence round his lot.

Hiram Richardson is soon to move to Somerville, Mass., to live with his son, William.

Nellie Whitman has been engaged as preceptress at Hebron Academy the coming season.

Montrose Hill, post-master at Old Orchard, has been in town.

E. P. Parker, elocutionist and reader, has located here.

B. W. Dean, of Worcester, Mass., has been visiting at W. J. Wheeler's.

G. H. Porter has a brand new brand for a five-cent cigar that is the best and sweetest in the market. Try one. Ask Gran. for the new five-cent cigar. He also has oysters for sale and to cook to order.

N. Dayton Bolster has something to say to the ladies via, yarn. See adv.

[Written for the Advertiser.]

Old Time Memories.

Ferry Village, Me., Aug. 29, 1885.

To us boys sixty or seventy years ago, Norway Village was the center of the world, and it was a holiday privilege to "go to the village." From its first settlement it was a place of more than usual business activity and was a trade center of a large area of the surrounding country.

There was Ichabod Bartlett, Jere Mitchell, James Crockett, Wm. Cox and Increase Robinson who were traders; and James Crockett was collector of taxes for many years. Ebenezer Hobbs was the best blacksmith in town and made plows, ironed sleighs and wagons and had a trip hammer in his shop which was a wonderful labor saver for those times. He used to lay a bar of iron and a bar of steel together and weld and draw them out into sleigh shoes. Grandsire Tucker and his son Benjamin were saddlers and did a large business. Saddles were a necessity when the roads were few and poor and wagons scarce, and it was no uncommon occurrence for a man and his wife to ride on horseback to church with one horse with saddle and pillion.

Daniel Young was the hatter, and made my first fur hat (a stove funnel) when I was fourteen years of age. It was the ambition of the boys to have a fur hat to wear to church. Grandsire Ames was a great drummer and his son Baker a great skater.

Capt. Bailey Bodwell commanded the Norway troops when they were called to defend Portland in 1812. My father and two of my uncles served in his company.

Revs. Noah Cressey, Wm. Yates and Father Whittle and James Copeland were the early laborers in the religious activities of those days.

Dr. Ayer was the first physician that I remember. He owned the place with a gambrel-roofed house above "Ford's Corner," since owned by Wm. Foster who was a blacksmith and farmer.

Darius Holt and David Noyes were active men and widely known as surveyors of land, and were politicians of influence and had their full share of recognition by being placed in official positions.

Among the early school teachers were David Noyes, Jacob French, Solomon Noble, Benjamin French, Samuel Cobb, and Moses Frost, all of whom were my schoolmasters several terms each.

Among the citizens whom my parents held in high regard and esteem, were Luther Farrar, esq., the first lawyer in Norway, (whose christian name I have the honor to bear) Levi Whitman, esq., who married the widow of Luther Farrar, and Aaron Wilkins, for each of whom two of my brothers were named. "What is in a name?" Well the name which I bear has been an incentive to a good life, that I might not dishonor it. Mrs. Whitman presented me with the first book that I ever possessed—"The New England Primer."

My father, Hoyt Pingree, in 1810 commenced farming on a lot which Edmund Merrill had made an opening of four acres and built a log cabin. In that cabin I was born and lived the two first years of my life. I think I am the oldest descendant of Stephen Pingree living in the State of Maine.

Mr. Editor, I fear I shall crowd your space and exhaust your patience, but the wheel of my memory has only commenced to revolve, and I cannot well stop it without breaking something.

L. F. PINGREE.

The Children's Prize Letters.

In issue of Aug. 12th the prize is given to No. 106.

No. 106 was written by Mira Starr Nelson, Casco.

In the issue of Aug. 28th the following will explain:

DECISION.

Six letters are before my eyes,
And I must say who takes the prize—
The age considered with the text;
I'll call one hundred-thirteen best.
Now children would you do real well,
You must be careful how you spell,
Then capitals, and punctuation
Are still another sore vexation;
But you are doing finely all,
Take you together great and small;
Keep trying in a little while
You too may get the prize, and smile.

Castleton, Vt. J. ALBERT LIBBY.

No. 113 was written by G. H. Ball, Kittery.

Next week the judge will be J. S. Hutchins of North Rumford; prize "The Black Dwarf" by Sir Walter Scott.

Last week our little friends doubtless missed the prize letters. We did not forget them but they forgot to send us any letters and when we got ready to go to press we only had one letter. We left the letters over till this week and this week have our usual number.

(119) Bryants Pond Maine 28th 1885.

Dear Advertiser.—I am only a little girl ten years old. but I thought I would write a letter as the rest of the girls were writing them. Papa and I went up to Bethel last Thursday morning and I Spent the day with my aunt. I had a very nice time. In the evening papa and I went to a band concert and comming home I was cold. One day there was a party of us went across the river and up on Mt. Christopher. I had a very nice time I could look off ever so far away Garth.

(120) So. Paris, Sept. 2nd 85

Dear Freind.—I am eight years old, and have a little brother three, the other day he tried to make a hammock by fastening one end of a rope to the tea-kettle nose and the other to a nail, then sat down in it pulling the tea-kettle full of water off on the floor. it did not hurt him but frightened him. I have a double footed kitty that my my great Auntie gave me, and she is a GREAT BIG Auntie too. I will close now good night From one of your little freinds M.—

(121) West Lovell Maine, Aug. 27 '85

Mr. editor.—I will tell you about my journey to my uncle's, in Albany; the distance being 18 miles; there were five of us; my grandmother uncle, sister, and cousin. My uncle has one little boy, his name is Lauren. I had a good time playing with him. We stayed three days; the weather was very fine, and we had a nice day to come home, but I was very tiard that night. I should like to get the prize, for I like to read stories, and I like to read your advertiser. Your friend Lill.

Aged 8.

(122) West Lovell Maine Aug 27. 85.

Dear Advertiser.—I will write you, about going blueberrying with my grandmother; she is sixty-eight years old. We went on Pine-hill; it is rather steep, but we got along nicely; we picked twenty-five quarts. I have been seven times. I went, with my aunt, and picked sixteen quarts. Now I will tell you about a web of waild cloth, that grandmother is going to weave for my father, and uncle. We have twenty lbs. of mixed wool; the colors are black; brown, blue, purple, and red. We expect to have som pretty cloth. I helped pick and mix it. I spun, doubbled, and twisted yarn, and knit a pair of stockings for my little Cousin, that lives with me; his mother is dead.

Aged 10. Yours. Rena

(123) Greenwood Aug 30th 1885

DEAR ADVERTISER—as I see the little boys and girls letters I thought I would write a few lines not expecting the prize but I will try. I am a boy twelve years old I expect to go school this winter I study arithmetic, geography reading, spelling and writing My brother and I sets our eel hooks we have caught twelve eels and two hornpouts one of them was fourteen inches long and the other thirteen we live right in sght of your correspondant John Topsham I guess I wont write any more this time DICK.

(124) Greenwood Aug 30th 1885

DEAR ADVERTISER—Seeing that my first letter came out it encouraged me to write again I should like to get the prize very much but dont expect to. I go to school to attend school this term I have not been this summer. I study reading arithmetic geography grammar and spelling. It has been quite cool for the last few days so much so that the frost has visited some of the neighboring cornfields but ours has escaped so far. As I cannot think of any more I will close for this time Tim.

W. C. T. U.

This column is devoted to the interests of the W. C. T. U. of Maine. Correspondence is solicited and any question in regard to the organization will be answered. All communications for this department must be sent to Miss Addie Allard, East Brownfield Me.

The Brownfield W. C. T. U. met Thursday in the Congregational church, having a good attendance. The meeting was called to order by the President, Mrs. W. H. Hickney, and after devotional exercises and prayer, reports of officers were heard. Treasurer's report showed a membership of ten with finances in good condition. Mrs. Stickney reported that during the past year she had distributed over fourteen hundred pages of temperance literature, the greater part during the fall campaign. The most of this was paid for by the Union, and some was furnished by Mrs. Stickney herself.

A box in the P. E. Depot is supplied with Union Signals and other good papers and tracts, that the waiting traveler may, perhaps, get a good temperance thought, instead of spending his time berating the company. One never knows where such arrows may stick.

Any one by a little exertion might supply the *loafers'* rooms in depots or stores with such reading. Depot-masters are often asked for something to read by weary waiters, and would, no doubt be glad to have some good friend furnish such persons with something to kill time with, and of course could not object to temperance papers or tracts. It is not necessary to belong to a Union to do anything of that kind, and it is not necessary to put yourself to very much expense, for by sending to Miss Julia Coleman, 72 Bible House, New York, any quantity of such reading will be furnished at the lowest rates.

Misses Zilpha McDonald, Addie Allard and Mary Stickney were chosen delegates to attend the State Convention soon to be held at Portland.

An essay was read by Miss Delia Spring. A missionary barrel is to be prepared by the Union. It will be filled with clothing, books, etc., and will be sent to Georgia for colored children. A good work is being done in the South by the W. C. T. U. women and other philanthropists not connected with the temperance work. Their field is a large one; their means limited, and any help would be gladly received.

RAISING GOOD STOCK.—The old saying that,

"There is more in the feed
Than there is in the breed,"

is a remarkably true one, and is especially noticeable in cattle of all kinds. All the small animals on the farm and even the fowls show this quite plainly, but not so much as does the larger stock.

All breeds of cattle are just what their respective herders make of them. The best way is to begin well in the start, when the animal is young, and keep it up as long as the animal is kept on the place. The matter in which the calves are fed and raised has more to do with their usefulness in after years and has more influence on them in all respects than the parent stock has, no matter what breed they are from. Probably the worst mistake with raising calves and one which is very easy to make is that of over-feeding.

Breeders, as a rule, are generally very desirous of securing large size, and in their eagerness to force the young stock to maturity they are quite liable to overdo the matter. They are very anxious to have their young animals large in proportion to their age, so as to make a good showing at the fairs and exhibitions.

We all know a cow can be forced to astonish us with her yield of milk for a short time by over feeding and being pampered with, but the release occasioned by this process of management soon shows that it is not profitable in the end, and it is even worse with young stock, they are often-times permanently injured, and will show the disasterous effect of over feeding as long as they live. They are generally stunted, and grow up to be shapeless cows that hardly pay for the expense of food and care.

When calves are overfed it hurts their digestive organs and load up the system with injurious matter, and as a consequence the indigestion generally causes diarrhœa and retards the growth of the calf and often times reduces the weight previously gained. It is such treatment that produces the stunted, shapeless animals with which the country is well supplied.

Cleanliness and warm, comfortable quarters are indispensable to the health and general thrift of the young stock. Regularity is also an important item with both old and young stock. They should be fed regularly at even hours and the same time each day, and as the young stock grows the changes in feed should be made very gradually, so there will not be any sudden change of diet, for it will surely stunt their growth and have other bad results besides.

It is really surprising to see how careless most of our farmers are with their young cattle. The object which all breeders should work for is to develop bone, muscle, and not feed fattening foods, which make the young animals sleek and fat, but does not give them the large muscular frame which they will need so much in after years. Also the offspring from such over-fed, fat animals will never be strong and healthy and the quality or utility of the stock will gradually degenerate as long as this kind of management is practiced.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

GREEN CORN PUDDING.—Take one quart of milk, five eggs, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one tablespoonful of white sugar and one dozen ears of corn—large ones. Grate the corn from the cob; beat the whites and yolks of the eggs separately; put the corn and yolks together, stir hard and add butter; then the milk gradually, beating all the while; next the sugar and a little salt; lastly the whites. Bake slowly at first, covering the dish, for one hour. Remove the cover and brown finely. This is a most delicious accompaniment to a meat course when properly mixed and baked. Warm up what is left from dinner for breakfast, by moistening it with a little warm milk and stirring in a saucepan until smoking hot. This pudding can be made from canned corn in winter. It is better to boil the corn a short time before scraping from the cob.

BANANA CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, three eggs, four cups of flour, and three small teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix lightly and bake in layers. Make an icing of the whites of two eggs and one cup and a half of powdered sugar. Spread this on the layers, and then cover thickly and entirely with bananas sliced thin. This cake may be flavored with vanilla. The top should be simply frosted.

WHIPPED CREAM PIE.—Make a crust of moderate richness, line a deep tin with it, bake quickly in a hot oven; when done spread thickly with a layer of jelly or jam; first by a thin layer, then whip one teaspoonful of sweet cream until it is as light as possible; sweeten with powdered sugar, and flavor with vanilla; spread over the jelly or jam; set the cream where it will get very cold before whipping.

COFFEE JELLY.—Soak half a box of gelatine in half a cup of water, about an hour, then put into a half pint of boiling water and let it boil until thoroughly dissolved and clear. Add one cup of sugar, and boil until the sugar is dissolved, then add one cup of strong coffee, and boil a few minutes longer, until it thickens in cold water like fruit jelly. Pour into moulds and when cool, set in ice to stiffen. Serve in small quivering pieces, with whipped cream and sugar.

Land Conveyances,
For July and August, 1885.
J. F. STARBIRD, Register, Paris, Me.

ALBANY.—Charles L. Lewis to Mary L. Lewis, $225; The Chapman Heirs, et al. to Jesse Holton, et al., 475.

ANDOVER.—David P. Richards to Asa A. West, $700; Simon R. Cutting to Henrietta P. Grover, 300.

BETHEL.—J. E. and Amy E. Bean to Wm. W. Mason, $230; Geo. H. Brown to J. Woodman Gerrish, 200.

BUCKFIELD.—Martha B., N. C. and Geo. D. Marston to Abbie B. Ladd, $200; Sarah P. Records to Carlton Gardner, 400; King R. and Almeda Buck to Appleton P. Manson, 250.

CANTON.—Nathan P. Raynolds to Nathan Raynolds and Florrie Carver, $1200; John P. Swasey to Mrs. Catherine Dyer, 100; Wm. A. and A. A. Glines to Hannah M. Glines, 150.

DIXFIELD.—Tyler Kidder to Wm. M. Kidder, $600.

GREENWOOD.—Ira C. Jordan to Tebbets M'f'g Co., $15; Sarah Morgan to Eleazer A. Morgan, 400; Sarah Morgan to Eleazer A. Morgan, 200.

HANOVER.—Clark B. Frost to Dorcas Howe, $1—; Dorcas Howe to Esther C. Pulman, 1—; Clark B. and Ellery C. Frost to Reuben Foster, 10.

HEBRON.—Bertha Jane Turner to Moses Corbett, $1500.

NEWRY.—Lovonia B. Smith to Fred M. Monroe, $500.

NORWAY.—Mrs. Mary E. Beal to C. L. Paragard, $200; E. M. Rowe to Henry P. Howe, 30; John L. Horne, H. M. Bearce and H. L. Horne to Mary E. Beal, 75; Simeon Stevens to Azro E. Delano, 1500; L. Ellen Frost to Nathan Bradley Frost, 30; Abbie J. Tubbs to Geo. F. Young and Emma T. Young, 700; Leonard D. Randall to Daniel S. Davis, 700; Clara T. Whitehouse to Francis C. Whitehouse, 997.37.

Oxford.—Mary W. Cotton to Roscoe Brown, $750; Chas. H. Bryant to Elizabeth E. Frye, 75; Wm. W. Dennen to C. H. Bryant, 50; S. H., Susan J. and Clarence A. Elden to Betsey J. Beal, 75; Ellery T. Gilbert to John Bellow, 600; Cynthia A. Haley to Ellery T. Gilbert, 150; Chas. L. Hilborn to Ella A. Hilborn, 300.

PARIS.—A. S. Crocker to James F. Doble, $150; Kendall Swift to T. H. Thurston, 200; T. M. Crocker, & A. C. Snow to Almira D. Crocker, 500; A. L. Crocker to A. D. Crocker, 100. Mary J. Murch to F. N. Field, 200; A. L. Crocker to Almira C. Snow, 1—. Wm. E. Cushman to Addie H. McKeen, 300; S. D. Hutchinson and S. E. Newell to Harrison G. Cole, 450; H. N. and N. D. Bolster to Elmer B. Dean, 125.

PERU.—Wm. Thompson to Clarence E. Foster and Mary R. Marble, $125; Mary Allen to Wm. C. Bent, 500; Seth Babb to Wm. H. Bent, 250.

RUMFORD.—Seth Ford to Chas. A. Kimball, $525.

A Walking Skeleton.

Mr. E. Springer, of Mohanicsburg, Pa., writes: "I was afflicted with lung fever and abscess on lungs, and reduced to *a walking Skeleton*. Got a free trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which did me so much good that I bought a dollar bottle. After using three bottles, found myself once more a man, completely restored to health, with a hearty appetite, and a gain in flesh of 48 lbs." Call at Drug Store and get a free trial bottle of this certain cure for all Lung Diseases. Large bottles $1.00.

NORWAY SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

A cordial invitation is extended to strangers who belong to any of these organizations to visit meetings when in town.

OXFORD LODGE, F. & A. M., No. 18, meets in Masonic Hall, Monday evening, on or before full moon. J. H. Aldrich, W. M. H. D. Smith, Sec'y.

NORWAY LODGE, NO. 16, I. O. O. F., meets in their hall every Tuesday evening. John H. Crockett N. G. A. L. Pike, Sec'y.

WILDEY ENCAMPMENT, NO. 21, I. O. O. F., meets in their hall the second and fourth Friday evenings of each month. M. M. Durgin C. P. A. L. Pike, Scribe.

GRADED MUTUAL RELIEF ASSOCIATION OF MAINE, I. O. O. F. Annual meeting 3d Monday in January. A. S. Kimball, President. A. L. Pike, Sec'y.

TENNESSEWASSEE LODGE NO. 15, K. OF P. meets in their hall, Hathaway Block every Wednesday evening. A. J. Rowe, C. C. H. H. Crockett, K. of R. & S.

NORWAY GRANGE NO. 54, P. of H. meets in their hall in Grange Building, Saturday afternoon on or before full moon, and Saturday two weeks thereafter. N. W. Millett, Master; H. C. Oxnard, Sec'y.

HARRY RUST POST NO. 54, G. A. R., meets in Grange Hall the first Friday evening of each month. J. R. Sanborn, Commander; C. H. Whitehouse, Adj.

HUSSEYFIELD LODGE, NO. 53, I. O. G. T., meets in Grange Hall every Saturday evening, at 7 o'clock. Charles Packard, W. C. T.; Leila Edgecomb, W. S.

In Memoriam.

Mrs. Lucinda, wife of Mr. William Jackson, left this life for the higher, in Boston, Sept. 1, aged 50 years.

Mrs. Jackson's native place was Greenwood where she resided for many years. Her body was therefore brought to Locke's Mills for interment, after the religious service. I participated in by the writer and an excellent choir, amid the sympathy and tears of her many friends; and a profusion of flowers and vines tastefully arranged by loving hands, upon altar, casket and mound. Its pleasant tenant, it was gently laid beside the dust of father and mother, three sisters and other friends "gone before." Mrs. Jackson was a lady of many virtues, and having discharged her duty faithfully in the varied relations of wife, mother and sister she will be greatly missed in all these relations; and will long be remembered by her many friends for what she was to them in word and deed. A husband, a loving daughter and three brothers are the near relatives who mourn her loss. May all who mourn be blessed through this dispensation of providence.

Farewell, dear wife and mother,
Till we meet where death comes never,
Till in union we rejoin,
Beyond all night in joyful morn.
Sister, thou art more than ever,
When thou dwelt in mortal form;
We hear thy call from o'er the river,
Which would save from doubt and harm.

E. H. TABOR.

BIRTHS.

In Mexico, Aug. 31, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Harlow, a son.

In Canton, Aug. 31, to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert J. Deshon, a daughter.

In Dryden, Cal., Aug. 16, to Mr. and Mrs. Levi P. Bicknell, a son. (Ray.)

In South Paris, Aug. 27, to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert G. Fletch, a son.

In Canton, Aug. 30, to Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Small, a son.

In Centre Lovell, Aug. 22, to Mr. and Mrs. Mellen Eastman, a son.

In Norway, Sept. 7, to Mr. and Mrs. James White, a son.

MARRIAGES.

In South Paris, Sept. 3, by Rev. S. Hooper, Owen Alley and Nellie Whiting, both of Oxford.

Bryant's Pond, Sept. 5, by Rev. G. B. Hinnaford, Joseph H. Briggs of Lynn, Mass. to Mina E. Dow, both of Woodstock.

In Bethel, Sept. 5, by Rev. N. G. French, Elmer D. Cole and Gertrude O. Holt, both of Bethel.

In Shelburne, N. H., July 4, by A. E. Philbrook, esq., James H. Watson, of Waterford, and Emily P. Larry, daughter of C. J. Larry, of Shelburne.

In Bethel, Aug. 25, Lafayette L. Briggs and Lizzie E. Noyes, both of Andover.

Deaths.

In Canton, Sept. 4, Mrs. Roscoe G. Dunn.

In Boston, Aug. 31, Mrs. Lucinda Jackson, aged 50 years.

In South Paris, Aug. 14, Mrs. Martha A. Holman, aged 34 years.

In North Lyme, Conn., Aug. 21, Rev. Otis B. Bawson, aged 49 years.

Drowned Aug. 29, Annie C., aged 21 months and 8 days, only child of S. D. and Kate S. Smith, of Florida, La Platu Co. Colo., and grand-child of John B. and Anna B. Prescott, formerly of Oxford Co. Maine.

MESSENGER'S NOTICE.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, ss.—Paris, September 4th, A. D. 1885.

This is to give notice, that on the fourth day of September, A. D. 1885, a warrant in insolvency was issued out of the Court of Insolvency for said County of Oxford, against the estate of Stillman B. Jordan of Norway, in said county, adjudged to be an insolvent debtor, on petition of said debtor, which petition was filed on the 4th day of August, A. D. 1885; to which last named date interest on claims is to be computed;

That no action of creditors of said debtor, to prove their debts and choose one or more Assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of Insolvency, to be holden at Paris, in said county, on the sixteenth day of September, A. D. 1885, at nine o'clock in the forenoon;

Given under my hand the date first above written.

AUSTIN F. STEARNS, *Deputy Sheriff*, as Messenger of the Court of Insolvency, for said County of Oxford. 37-38

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.

Whereas Noble P. Wood of Andover, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine by his mortgage deed dated the eighteenth day of April, A. D. 1882 and recorded in the County Registry of Deeds, Book 139 Page 574, conveyed to the subscriber, a certain parcel of Real Estate situated in Andover, in said County of Oxford bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a stake and stones on the Whaleshack, so called, and running on an Easterly course by the fence to the

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3-17-85

Oxford County Advertiser.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 11, 1885.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.
Oysters—G. H. Porter.
Millinery—Mrs. J. E. Bennet.
Yarns—N. Dayton Bolster.
Dress Goods—S. B. & Z. S. Prince.
Wanted—A Girl.
Notice—M. E. Crockett.
Dry Goods—Brackett's Branch.
Johnson's Anodyne Linement.
Athophoros.
Dog Lost.
Business for Sale.
Powder, etc—A. M. Gerry.
Messenger's Notice.

NORWAY AND VICINITY.

O. W. Collins was in town the past week.

S. L. Crockett is having a Doran Furnace put into his store.

Mrs. Lucelia Cummings is at Portland for a few weeks.

Two young men got to fighting Tuesday night and a badly chewed up ear is the result.

Rev. J. A. Seitz and daughter of North Conway, are in town.

A new line of tricot dress goods in colors at C. N. Tubbs & Co.'s. Call and see.

Crockett has several hundred pounds of his celebrated Condition Powders for sale. See adv.

The Universalist Society is to have a picnic next Saturday in Brown's grove at the Falls. Dinner at 2 o'clock.

Jacob Hobbs and daughter, Mrs. Moore of Arlington, Mass., are visiting here.

The report that there is a case of small pox in town is purely malicious and we are happy to say without foundation.

Mrs. Enoch Knight and grand-daughter of Gorham, N. H., are visiting at Samuel Fayor's.

Work was commenced on the foundation of the new shoe factory Tuesday morning.

Dr. F. H. Tilton has just received a fresh supply of vaccine virus which he is using extensively about town.

That account book has not been found yet, at least not returned to the owner. If any one has found such a book return it to Geo. A. Cole.

G. C. Cordwell, the Greenwood mail carrier, did the proper thing recently by presenting us with a box of fine blackberries. Thanks.

Whitcomb & Smiley are receiving a full line of fall dress goods of the latest styles. For fancy goods and standard articles you may go farther and fare worse than to visit their store. All their goods are fresh and new. *

At the town meeting, Saturday, it was unanimously voted to repair the old shoe factory, and to exchange the boiler and engine, if it was necessary, for new ones.

Rev. S. S. Cummings of Boston with his singers from the "Home for Little Wanderers" will be at the Methodist Church, South Paris, next Sunday a. m., and at the Norway Methodist Church in the p. m., 2 o'clock.

John W. Lasselle of Norway Lake, brings us a foot-and-a-half of a crab-tree on which there were thirty well formed crab-apples. There were thirty-two apples on it but two had dropped off. The crab-tree is the property of Lizzie M. Noble.

The Public Library catalogue contains 24 pages and comprise nearly 500 volumes. It is now in the hands of the binder and will be placed on sale at ten cents per copy next Saturday noon. Copies can be had by calling at the Library Saturday afternoon.

Job Stirk has his house on Paris St. nearly completed. C. L. Paraguard on the same street has his wall along toward completion. On the same street, opposite the Fair Asso. building, C. S. Russell of Oxford has commenced to put up a set of buildings, with stable, which he is to occupy as soon as finished.

The contract for building the new shoe factory has been let to Fred G. Kelley of Lynn, Mass., for $10,650, which includes benches. The lumber is to be furnished by C. L. Hathaway of Norway. Work is to commence as soon as possible. The foundation is being put in by Ansel Dudley & Son.

The success of another Maine man. A new and valuable discovery of an Eye Water for the aid and preservation of the sight has recently been brought out by Dr. E. H. Burnham, the celebrated Optician of Worcester, Mass., formerly of Lewiston, Me. Hundreds in this state who have had this Eye Water in use for a time past, speak very highly of its excellent qualities. He recently received an offer of $10,000 from a Worcester firm for his right. *

Three way-faring men brought to our office last Monday a black and tan hound female pup that had run from somewhere and wished us to advertise the same and try and find an owner which we do this week. The dog is well-behaved and like all pups playful and mischievous. We have christened it "Gipsy Tiser" and if we do not hear of the lawful owner of this long eared nuisance within four days after the publication of this paper the said dog will be shot or chloroformed. If you want your dog, write, telegraph or call.

Among the horses and colts now being fitted on the track we notice that Henry F. Dimmock of Bryant's Pond, is handling five. "Victor Patchen" and "Shamrock" owned by O. Perry Farrington; "Rosa Bonner" owned by Houghton; "Don C." owned by Frank E. Cole, and "Gipsey P." owned by F. M. Bartlett, all of Bryant's Pond. The names of the other horses we have not learned. Ed M. Thayer is fitting three; John Fowler, three; Chas. Thayer, S. E. Kimball, Dr. G. W. Brown, Geo. P. Rowe and Chas. Crosby, one each. Business is lively on the track.

There was a colliding accident on Main Street Tuesday evening between Mr. Lang, a commercial traveler of Portland, and Frank Barrows and lady of South Paris. The former drove a span and a heavy wagon while Barrows had a light buggy, consequently the latter carriage got the worst of it. The aggravating question in dispute was the exact amount of damage done Barrows' carriage. A commission of highly respectable Norway citizens was convened the following morning to settle this grave question and mark damages. Each party plead his own case, but Lang was materially assisted by his friend and adviser, H. H. Jones, and the commission brought in a verdict of $7.00 for Barrows.

Wednesday, Sept. 2d, 1885, a cousin party of forty-five Milletts met at Mrs. Henry C. Reed's and Nathan Millett's for a day of mutual pleasure. The air, of the bracing type, put all in pleasant mood. Mrs. Henry Millett of 86 years, Nathan Millett of 85 years, and Mrs. H. C. Reed of 81 years, the three oldest of the party, all appeared well and to enjoy the sport of the younger ones. Rev. Mr. Hilchrist preaching for the summer for West Paris Universalists, assisted very acceptably in services at the table. And this reminds us of all the good things of the season that we ate. N. W. Millett and wife, Augusta, assisted Mrs. Reed and daughters in entertaining the company very pleasantly in the good old-fashioned free and easy way, which put all in a frame of enjoyment. The music by D. H. Young and daughters of Portland, and Frank A. Young and family of West Paris, was no small part of the day's sport.

Dr. C. W. Brown recently shot seven partridges in a half days gunning.

Dr. O. W. Burnham, optician, has been here.

Mrs. W. W. Gerry remembered us this week with a box of as fine looking and tasting pears as one would ask for.

All ladies interested in the Public Library Fair are requested to meet at the Library next Monday, Sept. 14, at 3 o'clock p. m.

Ridlon, clerk for E. W. Howe, was thrown from the store wagon recently and badly shook up.

The Public Library will be opened Saturday afternoon from 2 o'clock to 5 in the afternoon and from 7 to 8 in the evening.

Katie F. Pingree is home from Haverhill on a visit to her parents, Wm. S. Pingree of Oxford.

Andrews & Trafton are on the war path again. They have started out after cattle and will be back here next week with a large drove.

Mrs. Dr. Drake of North Weymouth, and Mrs. F. E. Drake of Manchester, Mass., are in town visiting their friends and relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Moore have commenced housekeeping in Mrs. Gerry's rent on Pleasant St.

Miss Hattie Dyer of North Weymouth, Mass., is spending a few weeks in our village, the guest of Florence Drake.

J. L. Partridge of Norway Lake was the first to pay fifty dollars in cash for two shares of the Norway Shoe Factory stock.

Clara Pond, table girl at the Elm House, recently received a present of a very nice gold pencil.

C. B. Cummings recently brought out the old queen's arm and shot a mink that was molesting the aquatic evolutions of his ducks. The firing and killing took place on the bridge on Bridge Street.

There is a lamp on exhibition at C. G. Mason's that eclipses the light of sixteen ordinary lamps. You should see it. It is the wonder of the age. *

Friday evening there will be a dance at Walker's Hall, Norway Lake, under the management of C. F. Etter. The Gipsey Queen will take those from the village who wish to go. Music by Home Circle Orchestra. Tickets 50 cents per couple.

Adamantine Crystal Cement, that will surely stick crockery, glass ware, etc., together, is for sale at C. G. Mason's. Also powder, shot and shell of all kinds as well as catridges. * Tell Charles you saw this in the paper and receive a cigar.

J. A. Bolster has a dozen good house lots for sale cheap. They are located on Beal street. He also has two new houses for sale. Call on him and get prices. *

A. A. Everett & Co. have their grocery store running in full blast at his residence near the Corn Shop. It is a busy time of year in that locality just now and we are glad he is doing a prosperous business. He keeps a good assortment of goods.

Gen. Beal don't believe in posting notices on trees, door steps, and front yard fences. He is not alone in entertaining that notion.

Frank T. True, brother of Asa D. of this village, who has been clerking at Stratford, N. H. for several years past has returned to this village and is to go into the grocery business with his brother at the Falls.

Nina, a five year old daughter of L. T. Wardwell of Oxford, was run over while crossing Main Street last Tuesday. She was badly bruised and scratched but probably escaped without serious injury. *

We have discovered the owner for the lap robe recently advertised as found. The owner is Edward F. Prescott of Dover, N. H., who writes us that he advertised his loss for several weeks in another paper but was unable to find the one who picked it up. Advertising pays according to the circulation of a paper. In a paper of 2000 circulation you have four times as many chances of hearing from your ad. as you would in a paper with 500 circulation. This is plain arithmetic.

Miss M. E. Crockett, who has been in the millinery business here for the past nine years, has sold her business to Mrs. J. R. Bennett of So. Paris, who takes possession at once. Mrs. Bennett will visit the city next week and supply the store with a new stock of fall millinery. She is to close out her millinery business at So. Paris and consequently has marked the stock below cost to insure quick sales. Miss Crockett will remain with Mrs. Bennett in the Norway store and Miss L. M. Brock will have charge of the South Paris store.

Chas. B. Cummings and his son Ed. went to Dead Cambridge, Umbagog way, the past week. They report a catch of trout sufficient for their immediate wants and a good time. Sewell Pratt went with them. They brought home a live spruce partridge. Charles caught it with his line and pole. The partridge was first seen while on the ground and Cummings made a lasso and crept upon it but was foiled by the bird going into tree. After considerable cautious working Charles passed the slip-noose over the partridges neck while in the tree and captured it. It is now alive and doing well.

SOUTH PARIS.

Buildings rise almost like mushrooms. Six new houses are now far towards completion. Mr. Barrows will enter his by the first of Oct. Capt. Polsin's double tenement is ready for occupation. Ben Swett has laid foundation and hopes to have his house ready for winter use.

Mrs. Sumner Tucker will let the upper part of her house.

Mrs. Eliza Moore is visiting friends at Mechanic Falls.

Hattie Leach has returned from Oxford.

Lizzie Morse is obliged to discontinue dress-making on account of her eyes, and will soon go to New York for treatment.

Primary School opened Sept. 6, with Emma Shurtleff as teacher.

Fred H. Stover has been admitted to National Deaf Mute College on recommendation of Congressman Dingley.

Mrs. Leroy Abbott is failing. Harry Stowell continues about the same.

Charles Mixer is expected home this week from Machias, where he has gone for his health.

Latest advices regarding the health of Rev. Ira G. Sprague are not flattering, through the summer he has hardly held his own.

It is very unpleasant that one cannot catch a glimpse of our pretty river save through piles of empty cans, and other offensive sources which are being dumped along its banks. Health officers take notice. Miss WEED.

WHITTEMORE DISTRICT.—Farmers have most of their grain in the barn and in very good condition. Hay has not been quite so heavy as some years but better than was expected before haying.

Mrs. Davis and daughter of Haverhill Mass., are visiting her parents, Mr. Solon Royal and wife.

Mrs. Ella French is in quite feeble health.

Mrs. Hollis Hall of Buckfield, who has been sick and confined to the bed since last March, died last week.

Aaron Cobbet has commenced work on a new barn to replace the one he had destroyed by fire a few weeks ago.

S. M. King is removing the large rocks from a field south of the stony brook road. It will improve the looks very much besides being more convenient for his mowing machine.

Cucumbers are doing very well. Farmers complain of the vines being brittle.

The road machine and men with plenty of oxen have put our roads in passable condition again. The big rain caused considerable washing out.

Chas. Thayer and wife have gone up to the lakes on the Magalloway visiting. The corn comes in very slowly this season on account of the late spring.

Last Wednesday the grate to one of the boilers dropped out down to the corn shop and caused a slight delay.

Hod Starbird was in town yesterday. Horace drives a team at the State Fair this fall as usual.

Mrs. Aggie Penfold of Island Pond, had her piano shipped to her new home this week.

John Pierce has entered his two year old filly Zephyr M. in the two year old race at the State Fair.

Nellie True of Portland is stopping in town visiting her uncle David N. True.

Wilson & Greenleaf have a small house and lot for sale, within 15 minutes walk of the Post-office. Price very low. This is a bargain. Call before it is sold.

Dr. Rounds has sold his horse and wants to buy a good one.

E. A. Hayes of Jersey City, N. J., has been in town the past week selling Law books for the firm of F. D. Linn & Co. He offers some rare bargains.

W. H. Penfold was in town last Monday.

Barrows, the blacksmith, has his new house nearly completed.

R. Graham has opened a first-class clothing house in the Briggs store formerly occupied by Gus. Kenney. He has a large assortment of nice samples and will guarantee first-class work and a good fit. Give him a call and look over his goods. Mr. G. comes from Bridgton very highly recommended.

Tytherleigh offers his business for sale. A good business has been established and a man will do well here. See ad.

A. M. Gerry, the druggist, has a full supply of sporting material, including the best of guns and rifles. He offers a good single barrel breech-loading gun for $10.00. Goods warranted.

Girl wanted to do housework. See adv.

Mrs. Jennie Bennett is selling out her millinery stock at a low figure to close out business here. She has bought M. E. Crockett's millinery business at Norway.

Mrs. Josiah Burnham, a former teacher here, is visiting in town.

Mellen Bearce, H. B. Sturtevant and E. C. Benson have taken the contract to remove the surface rocks on Sylvan Shurtleff's place.

Funds have been raised by subscription and the soldiers' monument has been removed to the Park.

F. C. Morrill has been obliged to put in a new dam.

Gertie Curtis, daughter of O. G. Curtis, was obliged on account of sickness to return from the Intervale House, North Conway, N. H., where she was intending to remain during the season.

C. C. Andrews has put a barbed wire fence round his lot.

Hiram Richardson is soon to move to Somerville, Mass., to live with his son, William.

Nellie Whitman has been engaged as prescptress at Hebron Academy the coming season.

Montrose Hill, post-master at Old Orchard, has been in town.

E. P. Parker, elocutionist and reader, has located here.

B. W. Dean, of Worcester, Mass., has been visiting at W. J. Wheeler's.

G. H. Porter has a brand new brand for a five-cent cigar that is the best and sweetest in the market. Try one. Ask Gran. for the new five-cent cigar. He also has oysters for sale and to cook to order.

N. Dayton Bolster has something to say to the ladies via, yarn. See adv.

[Written for the Advertiser.]

Old Time Memories.

Ferry Village, Me., Aug. 29, 1885.

To us boys sixty or seventy years ago, Norway Village was the center of the world, and it was a holiday privilege to "go to the village." From its first settlement it was a place of more than usual business activity and was a trade center of a large area of the surrounding country.

There was Ichabod Bartlett, Jere Mitchell, James Crockett, Wm. Cox and Increase Robinson who were traders; and James Crockett was collector of taxes for many years. Ebenezer Hobbs was the best blacksmith in town and made plows, ironed sleighs and wagons and had a trip hammer in his shop which was a wonderful labor saver for those times. He used to lay a bar of iron and a bar of steel together and weld and draw them out into sleigh shoes. Grandsire Tucker and his son Benjamin were saddlers and did a large business. Saddles were a necessity when the roads were few and poor and wagons scarce, and it was no uncommon occurrence for a man and his wife to ride on horseback to church with one horse with saddle and pillion.

Daniel Young was the hatter, and made my first fur hat (a stove funnel) when I was fourteen years of age. It was the ambition of the boys to have a fur hat to wear to church. Grandsire Ames was a great drummer and his son Baker a great skater.

Capt. Bailey Bodwell commanded the Norway troops when they were called to defend Portland in 1812. My father and two of my uncles served in his company.

Revs. Noah Cressey, Wm. Yates and Father Whittle and James Copeland were the early laborers in the religious activities of those days.

Dr. Ayer was the first physician that I knew. He owned the place with a gambrel-roofed house above "Ford's Corner," since owned by Wm. Foster who was a blacksmith and farmer.

Darius Holt and David Noyes were active men and widely known as surveyors of land, and were politicians of influence and had their full share of recognition by being placed in official positions.

Among the early school teachers were David Noyes, Jacob French, Solomon Noble, Benjamin French, Samuel Cobb, and Moses Frost, all of whom were my schoolmasters several terms each.

Among the citizens whom my parents held in high regard and esteem, were Luther Farrar, esq., the first lawyer in Norway, (whose christian name I have the honor to bear) Levi Whitman, esq., who married the widow of Luther Farrar, and Aaron Wilkins, for each of whom two of my brothers were named. "What is in a name?" Well the name which I bear has been an incentive to a good life, that I might not dishonor it. Mrs. Whitman presented me with the first book that I ever possessed—"The New England Primer."

My father, Hoyt Pingree, in 1810 commenced farming on a lot which Edmund Merrill had made an opening of four acres and built a log cabin. In that cabin I was born and lived the two first years of my life. I think I am the oldest descendant of Stephen Pingree living in the State of Maine.

Mr. Editor, I fear I shall crowd your space and exhaust your patience, but the wheel of my memory has only commenced to revolve, and I cannot well stop it without breaking something.

L. F. PINGREE.

The Children's Prize Letters.

In issue of Aug. 12th the prize is given to No. 106.

No. 106 was written by Mira Starr Nelson, Casco.

In the issue of Aug. 28th the following will explain:

DECISION.

Six letters are before my eyes,
And I must say who takes the prize—
The are considered with the rest;
I'll call one hundred-thirteen best.
Now children would you do real well,
You must be careful how you spell,
Then capitals, and punctuation
Are still another sore vexation;
But you are doing finely all,
Take you together great and small;
Keep trying; in a little while
You too may get the prize, and smile.

Castleton, Vt. J. ALBERT LIBBY.

No. 113 was written by G. H. Ball, Kittery.

Next week the judge will be J. S. Hutchins of North Rumford; prize "The Black Dwarf" by Sir Walter Scott.

Last week our little friends doubtless missed the prize letters. We did not forget them but they forgot to send us any letters and when we got ready to go to press we only had one letter. We left the letters over till this week and this week have our usual number.

(119) Bryants Pond Maine 28th 1885.

Dear Advertiser.—I am only a little girl ten years old. but I thought I would write a letter as the rest of the girls were writing them. Papa and I went up to Bethel last Thursday morning and I Spent the day with my my aunt. I had a very nice time. In the evening papa and I went to a band concert and comming home I was cold. One day there was a party of us went across the pond and up on Mt Christopher. I had a very nice time I could look off ever so far away Garth.

(120) So. Paris, Sept. 2nd 85

Dear Freind.—I am eight years old, and have a little brother three, the other day he tried to make a hammock by fastening one end of a rope to the tea-kettle nose and the other to a nail, then sat down in it pulling the tea-kettle full of water off on the floor. It did not hurt him but frightened him. I have a double footed kitty that my great Auntie gave me, and she is a GREAT BIG Auntie too. I will close now wishing you good night From one of your little friends M.—

(121) West Lovell Maine, Aug. 27 '85

Mr. editor.—I will tell you about my journey to my uncle's, in Albany; the distance being 18 miles; there were five of us; my grandmother uncle, sister, and cousin. My uncle has one little boy, his name is Lauren. I had a good time playing with him. We stayed three days; the weather was very fine, and we had a nice day to come home, but I was very tiard that night. I should like to get the prize, for I like to read stories, and I like to read your advertiser. Your friend Lill.

Aged 8.

(122) West Lovell Maine Aug 27. 85.

Dear Advertiser.—I will write you, about going blueberrying with my grandmother; she is sixty-eight years old. We went on Pine-hill; it is rather steep, but we got along nicely; we picked twenty-five quarts. I have been seven times. I went, with my aunt, and picked sixteen quarts. Now I will tell you about a web of waild cloth, that grandmother is going to weave for my father, and uncle. We have twenty lbs. of mixed wool; the colors are black; brown, blue, purple, and red. We expect to have som pretty cloth. I helped pick and mix it. I spun, doubled, and twisted yarn, and knit a pair of stockings for my little Cousin, that lives with me; his mother is dead.

Aged 10. Yours. Rena

(123) Greenwood Aug 30th 1885

DEAR ADVERTISER—as I see the little boys and girls letters I thought I would write a few lines not expecting the prise but I will try. I am a boy twelve years old I expect to go school this winter I study arithmetic, geography reading, spelling and writing My brother and I sets our eel hooks we have caught twelve eels and two hornpouts one of them was fourteen inches long and the other thirteen we live right in sght of your correspondant John Topsham I guess I wont write any more this time. DICK.

(124) Greenwood Aug 30th 1885

DEAR ADVERTISER—Seeing that my first letter came out it encouraged me to write again I should like to get the prize very much but dont expect to. I expect to attend school this winter I have not been this summer. I study reading arithmetic geography grammar and spelling. It has been quite cool for the last few days so much so that the frost has visited some of the neighboring cornfields but our cuts has escaped so far. As I cannot think of any more I will close for this time TIM.

W. C. T. U.

This column is devoted to the interests of the W. C. T. U. of Maine. Correspondence is solicited and any question in regard to the society will be answered with pleasure. All communications for this department must be sent to Miss Addie Allard, East Brownfield Me.

The Brownfield W. C. T. U. met Thursday in the Congregational church, having a good attendance. The meeting was called to order by the President, Mrs. W. H. Stickney, and after devotional exercises and prayer, reports of officers were heard. Treasurer's report showed a membership of ten with finances in good condition. Mrs. Stickney reported that during the past year she had distributed over fourteen hundred pages of temperance literature, the greater part during the fall campaign. The most of this was paid for by the Union, and some was furnished by Mrs. Stickney herself.

A box in the P. & O. depot is supplied with Union signals and other good papers and tracts; that the waiting traveler may, perhaps, get a good temperance thought, instead of spending his time berating the company. One never knows where such arrows may strike.

Any one by a little exertion might supply the *loafers'* rooms in depots or stores with such reading. Depot-masters are often asked for something to read by weary waiters, and would, no doubt, be glad to have some good friend furnish such persons with something to kill time with, and of course could not object to temperance papers or tracts. It is not necessary to belong to a Union to do anything of that kind, and it is not necessary to put yourself to very much expense; for by sending to Miss Julia Coleman, 72 Bible House, New York, any quantity of such reading will be furnished at the lowest rates.

Misses Zilpha McDonald, Addie Allard and Mary Stickney were chosen delegates to attend the State Convention soon to be held at Portland.

An essay was read by Miss Delia Spring. A missionary barrel is to be prepared by the Union. It will be filled with clothing, books, etc., and will be sent to Georgia for colored children. A good work is being done in the South by the W. C. T. U. women and other philanthropists not connected with the temperance work. Their field is a large one; their means limited, and any help would be gladly received.

RAISING GOOD STOCK.—The old saying that,

"There is more in the feed
Than there is in the breed,"

is a remarkably true one, and is especially noticeable in cattle of all kinds. All the small animals on the farm and even the fowls show this quite plainly, but not so much as does the larger stock.

All breeds of cattle are just what their respective herders make of them. The best way is to begin well in the start, when the animal is young, and keep it up as long as the animal is kept on the place. The matter in which the calves are fed and raised has more to do with their usefulness in after years and has more influence on them in all respects than the parent stock has, no matter what breed they are from. Probably the worst mistake with raising calves and one which is very easy to make is that of over-feeding.

Breeders, as a rule, are generally very desirous of securing large size, and in their eagerness to force the young stock to maturity they are quite liable to overdo the matter. They are very anxious to have their young animals large in proportion to their age, so as to make a good showing at the fairs and exhibitions.

We all know a cow can be forced to astonish us with her yield of milk for a short time by over feeding and being pampered with, but the release occasioned by this process of management soon shows that it is not profitable in the end, and it is even worse with young stock, they are often-times permanently injured, and will show the disasterous effect of over feeding as long as they live. They are generally stunted, and grow up to be shapeless cows that hardly pay for the expense of food and care.

When calves are overfed it hurts their digestive organs and load up the system with injurious matter, and as a consequence the indigestion generally causes diarrhœa and retards the growth of the calf and often times reduce the weight previously gained. It is such treatment that produces the stunted, shapeless animals with which the country is well supplied.

Cleanliness and warm, comfortable quarters are indispensable to the health and general thrift of the young stock. Regularity is also an important item with both old and young stock. They should be fed regularly at even hours and the same time each day, and as the young stock grows the changes in feed should be made very gradually, so there will not be any sudden change of diet, for it will surely stunt their growth and have other bad results besides.

It is really surprising to see how careless most of our farmers are with their young cattle. The object which all breeders should work for is to develop bone, muscle, and not feed fattening foods, which make the young animals sleek and fat, but does not give them the large muscular frame which they will need so much in after years. Also the offspring from such over-fed, fat animals will never be strong and healthy and the quality or utility of the stock will gradually degenerate as long as this kind of management is practiced.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

GREEN CORN PUDDING.—Take one quart of milk, five eggs, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one tablespoonful of white sugar and one dozen ears of corn—large ones. Grate the corn from the cob; beat the whites and yolks of the eggs separately; put the corn and yolks together, stir hard and add butter; then the milk gradually, beating all the while; next the sugar and a little salt; lastly the whites. Bake slowly at first, covering the dish, for one hour. Remove the cover and brown finely. This is a most delicious accompaniment to a meat course when properly mixed and baked. Warm up what is left from dinner for breakfast, by moistening it with a little warm milk and stirring in a saucepan until smoking hot. This pudding can be made from canned corn in winter. It is better to boil the corn a short time before scraping from the cob.

BANANA CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, three eggs, four cups of flour, and three small teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix lightly and bake in layers. Beat the white of the whites of two eggs and one cup and a half of powdered sugar. Spread this on the layers, and then cover thickly and entirely with bananas sliced thin. This cake may be flavored with vanilla. The top should be simply frosted.

WHIPPED CREAM PIE.—Make a crust of moderate richness, line a deep tin with it; bake quickly in a hot oven; when done spread it with a layer of jelly or jam; first by a thin layer, then whip one teaspoonful of sweet cream until it is as light as possible; sweeten with powdered sugar, and flavor with vanilla; spread over the jelly or jam; set the cream where it will get very cold before whipping.

COFFEE JELLY.—Soak half a box of gelatine in half a cup of water, about an hour, then put it into a half pint of water and let it boil until thoroughly dissolved and clear. Add one cup of sugar, and boil until the sugar is dissolved, then add one cup of strong coffee, and boil a few minutes longer, until it thickens in cold water like fruit jelly. Pour into moulds and when cool, set in ice to stiffen. Serve in small quivering pieces, with whipped cream and sugar.

Land Conveyances,

For July and August, 1885.

J. F. STANLEY, Register, Paris, Me.

ALBANY.—Charles L. Lewis to Mary L. Lewis, $225; The Chapman Heirs, et al. to Jesse Holton, et al., 475.

ANDOVER.—David P. Richards to Asa A. West, $700; Simon R. Cutting to Henrietta P. Grover, 300.

BETHEL.—D. F. and Amy E. Bean to Wm. W. Mason, $230; Geo. H. Brown to J. Woodman Gerrish, 200.

BUCKFIELD.—Martha B., N. C. and Geo. D. Marston to Abbie B. Ladd, $200; Sarah P. Records to Carlton Gardner, 400; King R. and Almeda Buck to Appleton F. Manson, 250.

CANTON.—Nathan P. Raynolds to Nathan Raynolds and Florrie Carver, $1200; John P. Swasey to Mrs. Catherine Dyer, 100; Wm. A. and A. A. Glines to Hannah M. Glines, 150.

DIXFIELD.—Tyler Kidder to Wm. M. Kidder, $600.

GREENWOOD.—Ira C. Jordan to Tobbets M'F'g Co., $115; Sarah Morgan to Eleazer A. Morgan, 400; Sarah Morgan to Eleazer A. Morgan, 200.

HANOVER.—Clark B. Frost to Dorcas Howe, $1—; Dorcas Howe to Esther C. Putnam, 1—; Clark B. and Ellery C. Frost to Reuben Foster, 10.

HEBRON.—Berthe Jane Turner to Moses Corbett, $1500.

NEWRY.—Lovonia B. Widber to F. M. Monroe, $500.

NORWAY.—Mrs. Mary E. Bent to C. L. Paragard, $200; E. M. Rowe to Henry F. Howe, 30; John L. Horne, H. M. Bearce and H. L. Horne to Mary E. Beal, 75; Simeon Stevens to Azro E. Delano, 1500; L. Ellen Frost to Nathan Bradley Frost, 30; Abbie J. Tubbs to Geo. F. Young and Emma T. Young, 700; Leonard D. Randall to Daniel S. Davis, 700; Clara T. Whitehouse to Francis C. Whitehouse, 997.37.

Oxford.—Mary W. Cotton to Roscoe Brown, $750; Chas. H. Bryant to Elizabeth B. Frye, 75; Wm. W. Dennen to C. H. Bryant, 50; S. H. Susan J. and Clarence A. Elden to Betsey J. Beal, 75; Ellery T. Gilbert to John Bellow, 600; Cynthia A. Haley to Ellery T. Gilbert, 150; Chas. L. Hilborn to Ella A. Hilborn, 300.

PARIS.—A. S. Crocker to James F. Doble, $150; Kendall Swift to T. H. Thurston, 200; T. M. Crocker, & A. C. Snow to Almira D. Crocker, 500; A. L. Crocker to A. D. Crocker, 100. Mary J. Murch to F. N. Field, 200; A. L. Crocker to Almira C. Snow, 1—. Wm. E. Cushman to Addie H. McKeen, 300; S. D. Hutchinson and S. E. Newell to Harrison G. Cole, 450; H. N. and N. D. Bolster to Elmer B. Dean, 125.

PERU.—Wm. Thompson to Clarence E. Foster and Mary R. Marble, $125; Mary Allen to Wm. C. Bent, 500; Seth Babb to Wm. H. Bent, 250.

RUMFORD.—Seth Ford to Chas. A. Kimball, $525.

A Walking Skeleton.

Mr. E. Springer, of Mechanicsburg, Pa., writes: "I was afflicted with lung fever and abscess on lungs, and reduced to *a walking Skeleton*. Got a free trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which did me so much good that I bought a dollar bottle. After using three bottles, found myself once more a man, completely restored to health, with a hearty appetite, and a gain in flesh of 48 lbs." Call at Drug Store and get a free trial bottle of this certain cure for all Lung Diseases. Large bottles $1.00.

NORWAY SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

A cordial invitation is extended to strangers who belong to any of these organizations to visit meetings when in town.

OXFORD LODGE, F. & A. M., No. 18, meets in Masonic Hall, Monday evening, on or before full moon. J. H. Aldrich, W. M. H. D. Smith, Sec'y.

NORWAY LODGE, NO. 16, I. O. O. F., meets in their hall every Tuesday evening. John H. Crockett N. G. A. L. F. Rice, Sec'y.

WILDEY ENCAMPMENT, No. 21, I. O. O. F., meets in their hall the second and fourth Friday evenings of each month. M. M. Durgin C. P. A. L. F. Rice, Scribe.

GRADED MUTUAL RELIEF ASSOCIATION OF MAINE, I. O. O. F. Annual meeting 3d Monday in January. A. S. Kimball President. A. L. F. Rice, Secy.

TENNESSEWASSEE LODGE NO. 18, K. OF P. meets in Grange hall, Hathaway Block every Wednesday evening. A. J. Rowe, C. C. H. H. Crockett, K. R. C. & S.

NORWAY GRANGE NO. 54, P. of H. meets in their hall in Grange Building, Saturday afternoon on or before full moon, and Saturday two weeks thereafter. N. W. Millett, Master; H. C. Cextant, Sec'y.

HARRY RUST POST NO. 51, G. A. R., meets in Grange Hall the first Friday evening of each month. J. L. Sanborn, Commander; G. H Whitehouse, Adj.

BETHLEHEM LODGE, NO. 53, I. O. G. T., meets in Grange Hall every Saturday evening, at 7 o'clock. Charles Packard, W. C. T.; Lelia Edgecomb, W. S.

In Memoriam.

Mrs. Lucinda, wife of Mr. William Jackson, left this life for the higher, in Boston, Sept. 5, aged 50 years.

Mrs. Jackson's native place was Greenwood where she resided for many years. Her body was therefore brought to Locke's Mills for interment, and after the religious services participated in by the writer and an excellent choir, amid the sympathy and tears of her many friends; and a profusion of flowers and vines tastefully arranged by loving hands, upon altar, casket and around its pleasant tenant, it was gently laid beside the dust of father and mother, three sisters and other friends "gone before." Mrs. Jackson was a lady of many virtues, and having discharged her duty faithfully in the varied relations of wife, mother and sister she will be greatly missed in all these relations; and will long be remembered by her many friends for what she was to them in word and deed. A devoted husband, a loving daughter and three brothers are the near relatives who mourn her loss. May all who mourn be blessed through this dispensation of providence.

Farewell dear wife and mother,
Till we meet where death comes never,
Till in union we rejoin.
Beyond all night in joyful morn.
Sister, thou art more than ever,
When thou dwelt in mortal form;
We hear thy call from o'er the river,
Which would save from doubt and harm.

L. H. TABOR.

BIRTHS.

In Mexico, Aug. 31, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Harlow, a son.

In Canton, Aug. 31, to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert J. Doshon, a daughter.

In Drytown, Cal., Aug. 16, to Mr. and Mrs. Levi P. Bickford, a son. (Ray.)

In South Paris, Aug. 27, to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert G. Fletcher, a son.

In Canton, Aug. 30, to Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Small, a son.

In Centre Lovell, Aug. 23, to Mr. and Mrs. Mellen Eastman, a son.

In Norway, Sept. 7, to Mr. and Mrs. James White, a son.

MARRIAGES.

In South Paris, Sept. 3, by Rev. S. Hooper, Owen Alley and Nellie Whiting, both of Oxford.

Bryant's Pond, Sept. 6, by Rev. G. B. Hannaford, Joseph H. Briggs Jr. and Miss E. Dove, both of Woodstock.

In Bethel, Sept 6, by Rev. N. G. French, Elmer B. Cole and Gertrude O. Holt, both of Bethel.

In Shelburne, N. H., July 4, by E. Phillips Walker, Esq., Miss Mary F. Waterford, and Emily P. Larry, daughter of C. J. Larry, of Shelburne.

In Bethel, Aug. 25, Lafayette L. Briggs and Lizzie E. Noyes, both of Andover.

Deaths.

In Canton, Sept. 4, Mrs. Roscoe G. Dunn.

In Boston, Aug. 31, Mrs. Lucinda Jackson, aged 50 years.

In South Paris, Aug. 14, Mrs. Martha A. Holman, aged 34 years.

In North Lyme, Conn., Aug. 24, Rev. Otis B. Rawson, aged 49 years.

Drowned Aug. 26, Annie C., aged 21 months and 6 days, only child of E. D. and Kate S. Saman, of Florida. Lot Thomas Co., Ohio, and grand-child of John B. and Anna B. Prescott, formerly of Oxford Co. Maine.

MESSENGER'S NOTICE.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, SS.—Paris, September 4th, A. D. 1885.

This is to give notice that on the fourth day of September, A. D. 1885, a warrant in insolvency was issued out of the Court of Insolvency for said county of Oxford, against the estate of Stillman B. Jordan of Norway, in said county, adjudged to be an insolvent debtor, on petition of said debtor, which petition was filed on the 31st day of August, A. D. 1885, to which last named date interest on claims is to be computed.

That the payment of any debts and the delivery and transfer of any property belonging to said debtor, to him or for his use, and the delivery and transfer of any property by him are forbidden by law;

That a meeting of the creditors of said debtor, to prove their debts and choose one or more Assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of Insolvency, to be holden at Paris, in said county, on the sixteenth day of September, A. D. 1885, at nine o'clock in the forenoon.

Given under my hand the date first above written.

AUSTIN F. STEARNS, *Deputy Sheriff* as Messenger of the Court of Insolvency, for said County of Oxford. 37-38

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.

Whereas Noble B. Small of Andover, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine by his mortgage deed dated the eighteenth day of April, A. D. 1880 and recorded in the Oxford Registry of Deeds, Book 192 Page 374, conveyed to Edward L. Poor a certain parcel of

POETRY.

[Written for the Advertiser.]

Death.

O Death! dread archer, thou hast held thy sway
For many ages o'er a fallen world.
Thou hast the mighty seized and made thy prey,
And Kings and Rulers from their throne hast hurled.
The poor and wretched thou hast not forgot,
The good have felt the arrow from thy bow,
The lonely widow in her humble cot,
And orphan child by thee has been laid low;
At thy approach the statesman learned his doom,
The warrior leaves the fight and finds a grave.
The sailor in the night of storm and gloom,
Feels thy cold hand, and sinks beneath the wave.
Know this: O Death! that He who holds the key,
Shall rifle all thy cells and conquer thee.

TWILIGHT.

[Written for the Advertiser.]

Be Careful What You Say.

In speaking of a persons faults,
Pray don't forget your own;
Remember, those with house of glass,
Should seldom throw a stone.
If we have nothing else to do,
But talk of those who sin;
Tis better we should look at home,
And from that point begin.
We have no right to judge a man
Until he's fairly tried;
Should we not like his company,
We know the world is wide.
Some may have faults—and who has not?
The old as well as young;
Perhaps we may, for aught we know,
Have fifty to their one.
I'll tell you of a better plan,
And one that works full well;
I try my own defects to cure
Ere I of others tell.
And though I hope sometime to be
No worse than some I know;
My own shortcomings find me fet
The faults of others go.
Then let us all, when we commence
To find out fault or foes,
Think of the harm one word may do
To those who little know.
Remember, curses, sometimes, like
Our chickens, "roost at home,"
Don't speak of others faults until
We have none of our own.

A Rise in Kiomatia.

My health making it necessary for me to give up my clerkship, I obtained a situation as wagon-driver to Spencer Academy.

This, one of the two boarding-schools of the Choctaw nation, is situated in the heart of the woods, about twenty-five miles north of Red River, and fifty from the railroad.

To reach Paris, Texas—the base of supplies—it is necessary to cross two rivers—Red River and Kiomatia—in the Territory. These rivers are sometimes fordable, but more frequently must be crossed by a ferry.

They both—but particularly Kiomatia—are subject to sudden rises, probably caused by the bursting of water-spouts in the mountains. These rises are frequently attended with loss of life and property.

I had been at Spencer but a few weeks, when it became necessary to send to Paris. Two wagons were sent—Ernest Black, a young man, driving one, myself the other. I had been intimate with him in Texas, but had lost sight of him since his coming to the nation, some years before.

We started from Spencer early in the morning, intending to make our noonday halt at Kiomatia, twelve miles on the way. The road crosses the river obliquely, so that it is two hundred yards from where it goes down into the stream to where it emerges again, with high, steep banks, on each side.

Midway of the river, when it is low, is a flat, sandy island. I proposed to Black that we would stop here to lunch, as the water would be pure sweetness for our teams.

"No," said he. "I tried that once, and will never do it again."

Then, seeing my look of inquiry, he added:

"Wait until we get on the other bank, where there is a good spring, and while our teams are eating, I will tell you why I have such a dread of that island."

So, while our mules were lingering over their fodder, he gave me the following story of his experience with Kiomatia:

"Two years ago I first began driving for Spencer. I had been in the nation for several years, and knew the country pretty well, but was not aware of the sudden changes in this river. It was, I think, my third trip to Paris. Kiomatia had been low all summer and no one thought of a rise. A young lady—Miss Ellen Cotter—had been to Spencer on a visit, and was desirous of returning home. As her home lay directly on my road, I offered her a seat in my wagon, which she accepted. I was in love with her then—she is my wife now—and of course was glad of the opportunity of a long ride and talk with her.

"We started out on much such a day as this, just cool enough to make the sun pleasant. When we reached Kiomatia, I stopped on that island to lunch. I loosened the traces of my team, threw the mules a bundle of fodder apiece, and then helped Ellen out of the wagon.

"We sat there chatting and eating for a half-hour, and then began to get ready to start. It seemed to me that the island was considerably larger than when we stopped. On looking more closely, I found that the river was rapidly rising. Still, I was not alarmed, but a little uneasy. But I lost no time. I put Ellen into the wagon, hitched up the traces, and got on my saddle-mule.

"By this time, the water began to come down in waves, and before we left the island it was ankle-deep. With a word of encouragement to Ellen, I shouted to my team, and plunged in. I urged on my mules all I could, but the river was getting deeper fast, and it was soon over the fore-wheels. Mules do not like to go fast through water, and, in spite of my effort, we made but slow progress. But we were finally very near the bank, and I thought we would make it all right.

"Just as my leaders were beginning to go out of the water, a scream from Ellen startled me. I looked around and saw to my terror that the water had lifted the wagon-bed out of the standards, and it was rapidly drifting down stream.

"Giving a parting shout to my team, I plunged into the river, thinking I could easily catch the bed and guide it to the bank; but I had underestimated both the depth and the force of the stream. I was swept off my feet in a moment and had to swim for it.

"I tried to push the wagon-bed along, swimming behind it; but neither was this possible, the force of the stream was too great. I soon found I was getting exhausted, and climbed into the wagon-bed. Ellen was much frightened, but calm. I reassured her to some extent, by telling her there was no danger, though far from feeling safe myself.

"Two principal dangers presented themselves. First, that we would sink; secondly, that the drift which by this time was coming down in considerable quantities, would crush the frail wagon-bed.

"On the first score I thought there was was but little danger, as the wagon was almost water-tight. The second danger seemed more serious. There was a stiff breeze blowing up stream, which kept as back, while large logs, having less surface exposed and running deeper, drifted faster, and kept running against us, and every now and then gave a severe shock.

"I seized a pole which was floating by, and managed to keep off some of them, though not all. I also tried to steer our novel craft toward the bank, but it was as unmanageable as a ferry-boat. The current, for the most part, kept us in the middle of the stream, though every now and then we would run close to the bank, just out of reach of the branches which hung down so temptingly.

"I knew there was a ferry about thirty miles below us, where we would be stopped if we could keep afloat until we reached it. There were also houses along the bank, but too far off for my voice to have reached them, even could the inmates have helped us.

"I was but a poor swimmer; Ellen could not swim at all, or I would have been tempted to leave the wagon-bed, and make an attempt to reach the bank. Naturally, too, we wished to stay in the wagon as long as possible. It seemed a barrier, though a frail one, between us and the seething waters.

"I began to find the water was coming in much faster than before. The blows of the drift had opened the seams, and it soon became necessary to bail it out. To do this, I had nothing but my hat, and it kept me busy, as I was often obliged to stop and ward off some large log which threatened to swamp us.

"While thus engaged, my eyes fell upon something which gave me a gleam of hope. This was the rope which I always carried in the wagon in case of accidents.

"You know I used to be a good hand at throwing the lasso, and my knack had not entirely left me. I thought I might be able to throw the rope around some limb or log, and by that means draw the boat to the bank. Ellen, meanwhile, had been standing in one end of the wagon-bed—it was too wet to make sitting comfortable—and, as I could see from her earnest face and folded hands, praying, I hoped for me as well as herself.

"Giving my hat to her, and asking her to continue bailing, I made the rope into a lasso. As soon as the current carried us near enough to the bank, I began throwing. My first attempt was to throw it on a cottonwood limb. In this I was successful, and as the rope tightened in my hands, I felt a wild thrill of exultation. I thought we were saved. But just as we began to near the bank an enormous log came floating down the stream, which we both failed to see. It came down with such force that, as I held on with the grip of despair, the brittle limb parted and dropped down into the water. I was discouraged, but thought I could easily throw the rope over another. But my expectations were in vain. I threw again and again, trying sometimes the end of a limb, sometimes a sapling, sometimes a stump; but the swiftness of the stream, with the force of the wind, rendered all my efforts ineffectual. Probably, too, the peril we were in confused my brain.

"Again were we whirled into the middle of the stream, and I went to bailing. The last shock had been almost too much for the frail craft, and bailing out with the hat could no longer keep down the water. Woman's wit came to our aid. Ellen, taking off the short cloak she wore, contrived to pin it into a shape which would hold water. Between us, we managed to keep the water from getting any deeper in the bed, though we could not lower it any; but it was apparent we could not keep afloat much longer.

"I had hunted on this part of the river before, and knew that there was one place where the lasso could probably be used with advantage. This was where there was an old clearing on the bank of the stream, thickly studded with stumps. The river had eaten into the bank, until some of these stood quite at the water's edge, though at low water, considerably above the stream.

"I knew we must be nearly level with them now. I thought that here we would be swept near the bank, and determined to make my last trial there. Should it fail, I would take Ellen in my arms, and make a desperate effort to reach the bank.

"Soon as we came in sight of the clearing, and I prepared again to throw. But the current had changed since I had been there, and the stream swept us out of reach of the bank. My rope was long enough; but heavy at any time, its weight was doubled by its being wet, and my utmost efforts could not throw it far enough

"I threw time and again, nearly throwing it over a stump sometimes, but always falling a little short. We soon ran by the clearing, and but one chance seemed left to us. The wagon-bed was fast filling, and would soon sink, whether we left it or not.

"I looked at Ellen, and in that supreme moment each read in the other's eyes the love as yet unspoken between us. With the whispered words, 'Darling, if I cannot save you, I will die with you,' I clasped her in my arms, and was just preparing to plunge into the river, when her dear voice said:

"'Wait!'

"As she spoke, she pointed at a large cottonwood tree, which was drifting rapidly down stream at an angle with the current, and nearly on us.

"This only seemed to me a reason for greater haste, particularly as our sinking craft had been caught in an eddy of the stream and was almost stationary. Again I started to plunge in, and again she restrained me. She told me afterward she had an instinctive belief that the log would save us.

"So, indeed, it proved. It drifted nearer the bank, until one end ran against it, and on this, as a pivot, it swung around, inclosing us between it and the bank.

"The tree came with such rapidity that I feared we would be crushed. But, before it reached us, the long branches began to drag on the bottom, and it came more slowly. Soon it struck the wagon-bed, and bore us slowly, but steadily, toward the bank. In a few moments more it grounded and I leaped out with Ellen and made my way up the bank.

"Not a second too soon. Scarcely were we out of dry-land when the tree became dislodged and drifted down the river, carrying our boat with it. This went barely fifty yards before it sank, just as we turned at the top of the bank to get a last glimpse of it.

"We made our way to a house a few miles distant, where we obtained dry clothing. I hired a horse and went after my team. The mules were well trained and had kept the road, until passing a house where the owner knew them, they had been stopped. The people were just organizing a search for me when I rode up."

"Since then, whenever I have to cross deep water, I have always tied down the wagon-bed; and I never stopped on the island in Kiomatia again."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the secret of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send a recipe free, to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full direction for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 49 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y. 1y26cow

[Written for the Advertiser.]

A Trip to Albany Basins.

Thursday morning, August 13th, four loads of jolly young people and various toothsome compounds pleasing to the palate, started from West Lovell for Albany Basins. There were eleven in the party and their names should stand beside those of the immortal three hundred who won undying fame at the Grecian Pass, for never was greater courage or less judgment shown than by those eleven deluded mortals, who, turning deaf ears to the predictions of the weather-wise fathers and mothers, and defying the warnings which "Old Kezar," a never-deceiving weather bureau, in itself, plainly declared, started out for a rousing good time.

The appointed hour for starting was half-past six, and a good number of the prospective picnicers were up, before any sensible lark would start on a foraging tour, studying the clouds and preparing for the expidition. Half-past seven, however, had come before the procession was well under way.

One lengthy friend, Josiah Fox, took the lead; the other gentlemen were George Stearns, Marshall Le Baron and Daniel Nichols. The ladies of the party were Mrs. Watson, Misses Adaline and Annie Allard, Miss Georgia Durgin, Misses Nellie and Lucy Elliott and your humble correspondent.

The morning was cool and pleasant, the company in the best of spirits, the roads shady and free from dust, and it seemed hardly possible that so much of the fifteen miles from West Lovell to the Basins had been left behind us when a halt was called at the "Five Kezars."

Here five ponds have their outlet, through a deep gorge with massive walls of rock. Volcanic forces have been at play there and have hollowed a charming path for the water, which comes rippling down among the stones to fall into Elisha's hollow, rimmed about with majestic stony walls and guarded by great boulders which lend another charm to the stately beauty of the canon. The finest view is obtained from a point a little up the stream from the great bowl-like hollow, and it is indeed, beautiful. After crossing the brook by stepping from rock to rock, we followed along the bank till we stood over the pool, and there watched the flying water, and listened to the splash as the rocks which the boys rolled to the edge of the cliff, fell into the liquid darkness below. Then we followed the bank until it became so low that we could cross to the other side and at last we came to where the patient horses were tied and were soon again on the road to Albany.

Our pleasant ride, varied by occasional calls at stores and acquaintances, was evidently too short for our leader who, instead of turning into the by-road leading to the Basins, kept on towards Bethel and only appeared after we were settled at the commodious farm-house of Mr. Cyrus Kneeland, where all visitors find themselves and their horses well cared for. The excuse of the truant that he was too much interested in the fair maidens with him was accepted without question, and we proceeded to the business of the hour, i. e. diminishing the contents of our lunch baskets.

The travelers' dining room, furnished with all necessary accessories was placed at our disposal by our very obliging host and we soon had all things prepared for our gastronomic feats. After the *post prandial* exercises of dishwashing and putting half a bushel of fragments into what held a peck of food, we started for the objective point of our trip with a gentleman of the family for our guide.

After following for a mile, paths through fields and pastures, under green trees, over mossy rocks, across bridges and up hills, the well-known Albany Basins lay before us.

It is useless for me to attempt to describe what I saw of them, which was enough to make me want to go again and stay longer. To get any idea of the wild grandeur of the spot—as yet untouched by the destroying hand of man—you must see them yourself. The tall trees casting a solemn shade, the rugged caves, the steep paths leading to many a determined climb, all help to make a scene of indescribable beauty.

The Basins themselves are wonderful: their circular walls are as smooth as if cut by machinery. Ages and ages must have passed since some eruptive force rent those rocks and piled them up in majestic confusion, and since the tireless waters commenced their work of smoothing, rounding, and wearing away.

After enjoying what lay before us from the top of the cliff, we wanted a closer acquaintance; the guide led us to a rock from which we could see, quite a distance below us, the top of a ladder leading down to the desired depths. But to reach that ladder seemed to the feminine hearts impossible. At last those of us who were too good to feat death very much, trusting in our guide's assurance that it could be done, performed the feat, stepping from niche to niche in the perpendicular face of the rock, holding fast to the hands reached from above to support us. After reaching the ladder the decent was easy enough and then our courage was equal to anything—even to crossing a chasm on a perilous bridge formed by two small poles. Then we could shout back in triumph to others of our party resting in unambitious security on the ledge feet and feet above us.

In the meanwhile the clouds had been thickening and an occasional peal of thunder warned us of a coming shower. The drops commenced to fall and we hurried to get protection from the rain on a little platform sheltered by two overhanging cliffs. The rest of the party joined us, and we prepared to tire out the storm and then return to our sight seeing. The first hour of waiting sped away to the jollest of songs. The lightnings flashed afar off, the thunder rolled above our heads, the rain came steadily down, and we laughed at it all. But after a while as the shower changed its tactics and showed every sign of developing into a week's storm, the music took a more meloncholy tone and finally died away. No abating of the rain—and we commenced to get impatient for it to be over.

Finally one of the eleven lunatics proposed that we go to Mr. Kneeland's and let the rain go to—grass. As we were all lunatics we agreed; so, raising umbrellas and wrapping gossamers around us, we started on our return—voyage, I will say—for the walk was by water, through water, under water and upon water. As the memory of it comes to me now, I feel that the delights of that mile were inseperable, and I will only say of it that when we reached Mrs. Kneeland's I hardly think enough dry clothing could have been found on the party to wrap a cat in.

Influenza, rheumatism, fever, all loomed in the near future. But good Mrs. Kneeland was equal to the occasion, and very soon our wet raiment was sending up clouds of steam round the kitchen fire, and we were rejoicing in attire not remarkable, perhaps, for perfect fit, but dry and comfortable.

We had made up our minds "to wait till the clouds roll by," and let our clothes get dry, if we had to sleep on the pantry shelves, or sit in the woodbox, for the house was well filled without us. But a little after six it almost stopped raining, and thinking the storm was about over, we decided to start for Lovell. So donning what of our garments had dried, borrowing some to supply deficiences, and gathering up our wet ones we prepared to leave our comfortable quarters and trust ourselves to the elements once more. Some of us were shoeless, some rode home bare-headed to save hats, and one white dress lay meekly in the lemonade pail, while the owner was glad to be clothed in a walking jacket and a —um—ah—ahem!—usually unseen skirt belonging to another member of the party, who was willing to divide what dry clothing she had.

The team that I was in was the last one to start, and as we did not see anything of the others after leaving Mr. Kneeland's, I can tell nothing of their experiences, save that one team arrived at ten o'clock next day in a rather demoralized condition, one of the ladies having been so affected by a flash of lightning which struck within a few feet of them, as to be unconscious for some time. We found afterwards that we missed the others by taking another road instead of following them.

In fifteen minutes after we left the house it was raining hard as ever. I presume it stopped after we were safely housed, but don't know, as there was no cessation from seven o'clock until after I was asleep. Well, we were in for a little dampness, so we calmly lifted three umbrellas, tucked the robes about us, and awaited what might come. The night fell black around us, and the storm shook its fists, howled, laughed, got mad, roared and tried to drown us by pouring pailful after pailful of water on our devoted heads. The umbrellas commenced to leak and the water was running off the corner of one down the driver's neck, while another stream was cooling my feet, which, without shoes, were resting in an inch of water on the carriage floor; but we complained not. For a few minutes the storm would subside into a gentle shower only to rush at us with renewed force, heralded by ghastly blue flashes of lightning, which almost seemed to carry the odor of brimstone along with them.

Three times the horse got out of the road in the darkness which followed those blinding flashes. Once when stopped she was attempting to draw us over a logshead, and again almost pitched us over a bank. The joys of such a ride can only be realized by one who has been in similar circumstances. We moved drearily along, aggravated by the thought, the others were probably at home, warm and dry, when, O welcome sight! the narrows bridge is before us and we feel that our troubles are almost over. Lights are out everywhere, so it must be long after bed time, but we are happy to get there at all.

Before we reach our stopping place we go splashing through two or three feet of water, for the road had become part of a pond. Getting through that without drowning, in a moment more we are at our journey's end, and rousing the good host, we are let in, very different looking objects than we were in the morning. It is past ten o'clock, and ours is the only team that has reached West Lovell; but in a few minutes more we hear two teams go slowly past and we know that they have been rained on too. We feel sorry for them but are too weary to think much about it.

Twelve hours later the picnic is over, the last team has arrived, and when we meet and compare experiences we find that we are all alive, no severe colds taken, no bones broken, and we are all ready and anxious to go again.

BROWNIE.

[Written for the Advertiser.]

Some More About Albany Basins.

Every one is writing about Albany Basins this week and we must be pardoned if we "chip in." Do not sigh. We are not to describe this wonderful piece of Divine architecture at length, but we must speak of "Moses Rock" where the cool pure water gushes from a rift in a solid rock. Whether this is the identical rock that Moses smote we would not want to say, but it is very similar,—certainly the water could not be purer. This spring is as yet but little known. We would be surprised however if, in a few years, its name is not added that list of famous springs in this vicinity,—Summit, Hartford, and Poland.

The "Shelf or Table" is well worth looking at.

The natural "Fire Place" was every curiosity. A perfect shaped fireplace and flue through which the smoke ascends up through the rock, coming out a number of feet above. Another writer in this number tells of the Basins and huge piles of rock which form them.

Cyrus Kneeland, who owns the Basins and a number of hundred acres of land around them, came here when a young man of nineteen and has lived here forty years, or more. He has a fine farm of tillage and pasture land beside acres and acres of wood and timber, and good farm buildings. His house is well filled during the summer months.

This fall Mr. Kneeland intends building a carriage road from his house to the Basins and erecting a stable near to accommodate the many guests who visit here almost daily at this season with teams.

He is clearing away the underbrush around the Basins and is to build steps and bridges over the most difficult places so that invalids and the old and infirm can visit this beautiful place without being fatigued.

The greatest surprise to us as we were going from Mr. Kneeland's house to the Basins was to find a school house in the pasture. We looked to find where the scholars came from but could see only one house. We asked him where the scholars came from.

"There is another family who lives up over the mountain," he said. "There used to be ten scholars to go from the two houses but now my children are grown up and the other family has only two scholars so they have the school in a room in their house. The school is soon to commence."

"Where are the seats?" we asked as we noticed all the seats in the schoolhouse had been removed.

"A family lived in here last winter," he replied.

A little farther on the path to the Basins is Mr. K.'s mill where he saws his lumber.

"The wood," he said "is of no value. It would not pay for cutting and hauling it to market."

Thus we see the value of a large village near a farming district.

"Are you not lonesome here in the winter?" we ask.

"Oh," says the reply "we have plenty of company in the winter. Last winter we had fourteen men working at the mill and in the woods, besides we do so much teaming that a better road is not to be found in the County in winter. It only takes about ten minutes to drive out."

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, chapped hands, tetter, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cts. per box.

The General Manager of the Wabash Railway has been given until Oct. 1 to accept or decline the terms of the Knights of Labor.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

[Written for the Advertiser.]

A Trip Round Peakes' Island.

Saturday afternoon about one o'clock the boarders of Mrs. Chapman hired the sloop, "J. F. Brown," and invited Mrs. Noyes' family and company to a sail down to Segum Lights. We started from Trefethen's landing in a dory to meet the sloop. We had a fair wind and went down through Hog Island road, between Pumpkin Knob and Peakes' Island, through Hussey's sound past Over-set, thence to Segum Lights, and then were becalmed for half an hour and drifted with the tide.

Meanwhile the men concluded to try their luck at fishing. The captain sounded the water and it proved to be about fifteen fathoms deep. Luck seemed against them for all that was caught was one sculpin.

Just then a stiff breeze came up from the south-west and we started toward Portland Two Lights, by Portland Head, through Ship Channel, between Cushman's Island and Cape Elizabeth. On one side of Cushman's Island was the Ottawa House, a pretty two-story building. We then went up by House Island, through White Head and around Peakes' Island. Then sailing eastward we started towards home. Before we had gone far the captain shouted for us to look out on the water and we were surprised to see two large whales, forty and eighty feet long, spouting.

We sailed past Long Island and Hussey's Sound; past Evergreen landing and towards Trefethen's landing. The water was so low that we were obliged to land in row boats. Mrs. Chapman's boarders took a boat and we a dory and the captain shouted, "now for a race," and at last the dory came out ahead.

We all soon landed and were eager for supper, as the salt air had given us a keen appetite and amid shouts of laughter and merry jests the party broke up feeling much refreshed by our afternoon's enjoyment. L. R. S.

Sunday-School Lesson.

For Sept. 13th.

The Shunammite's Son.—Notes. Observe that Elisha's miracles are very parallel to those of Elijah. This miracle of raising the Shunammite woman's son is much like that of Elijah's in raising the son of the woman of Zarephath.——"The child was grown."—Large enough to run about but not necessarily full-grown.——"To the reapers."—In the month of May, perhaps, and when the heat had begun to be extreme. Reaping was the busiest and one happiest occupation of the year. The grain was partly wheat, but principally barley. The reaping was done by grasping in the hand as many stalks as could be held, and cutting them off with the sickle.——"My head."—It was a case of sun-stroke, though his father did not know how serious it was.——"On the bed of the man of God."—She went up to it. The house was a one story square building made round a court, with a single series of rooms, with all their doors and windows opening on this court. On the narrow street was the blank wall of one of the four sides of the house, with a large arched gateway in the middle, and the prophet's chamber had been built up as a special second story over this gateway.——"One of the asses."—The ass was the only animal used for travel or traffic. The horse was used only in war, and the camel was used for traffic in traveling long distances, by the desert tribes. The use of the mule was forbidden. One ass was enough as the servant would walk.——"Neither new moon nor Sabbath."—Not a religious day. It would seem that pious people in Israel, not being able to go to Jerusalem, visited the prophets for instruction.——"It shall be well."—An evasive answer.——"Slacken me not the riding."—The servant was to run beside the ass and keep prodding it with a sharp stick, to keep it on a gentle trot.——"The Shunammite."—She lived in Shunem.——"It is well."—Merely a polite way of evading any talk with him.——"To thrust her away."—Thinking she would annoy his master. Her attitude was that of extreme honor and self-abasement.——"Did I desire a son?"—She did not wish to say that the child was dead. Many people in the east will never announce a death. It was so with David's servants when Bathsheba's son died, and so Elisha instantly understood what was hinted.——"Salute him not."—The formal salutations usually practiced require delay and time, and are a matter of politeness, even between strangers who would ask name and business.——"Answer him not."—Except as one could answer without stopping.——"I will not leave thee."—Determined that Elisha should go.——"Stretched himself upon him."—As using the natural means to secure warmth, just as Christ put clay on the blind man's eyes, as a sign of the effect desired, but not as diminishing the miracle.——"Seven times."—They were not counted, but it means several times, just as we say a dozen times.

Instruction.—Death is something more than a chance that "fell on a day." It is the one certainty in the world. Nothing else is so certain.

Nothing else is so uncertain as death. It may come at any time, from an hour's exposure to the sun or the cold. Therefore the command of Christ to be always watching.

Why should suffering and death come? We cannot tell. God knows, and that is enough. He does all wisely and we must take his dealings as right.

Go in trouble to God, or to his ministers, or people. Go to those who will point you to God's providence, and will teach you to look up and smile.

There are times for haste. Be patient and wait when you must, but when there is anything to be done, do it with your might. Get it done just as quickly as possible, so that you can do something else. A lazy dawdling boy can never make a successful man.

God's prophets are much like other men. God does not reveal everything to them. Elisha said: "The Lord hath hid it from me;" and the Lord hides from the best of his servants his reasons, and bids them only believe.

What is the staff? Only the symbol of power, and it had not, in this case, the power Elisha had hoped. Why, we not know. Probably it was intended to show that this was a special case requiring all the prayer and energy of the prophet.

It is better for a man to go himself than to send a servant or a staff. It is our personal attention that is wanted. Sir Moses Montefiore, the benevolent Jew, who died a month ago, used to send every year a handsome gift for a Christian Sunday-school celebration. But he was much more, that he always rode over himself, and spoke to the children. If a scholar is ill, or if a person needs spiritual direction or comfort to send a message or a tract is something, but to go yourself is much more.

$20 Tuition for six days and 13 weeks at five evenings

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The oldest Institution of Business Training in Portland. Penmanship, Book-keeping and all the branches of Com'l Law collateral

A COMPLETE BUSINESS EDUCATION.

For further information, address,
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EICHORN'S WORLD RENOWNED

TAPE WORM REMEDY.

AN INFALLIBLE CURE with two spoons of medicine in two or three hours. For particulars and best reference address,

F. MUHLERT, General Agent,
P. O. Box, 450. (36-1y) NEW YORK.

OXFORD, ss:—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of August, A.D. 1885.

EMMA L. HAMMONS, widow of Wilson Hammons, late of Bethel, deceased, having presented her petition for an allowance out of the Personal Estate of said deceased.

ORDERED, That the said Petitioner give notice of the same to all persons interested therein, by publishing a copy of this order three weeks successively in the Oxford County Advertiser, a newspaper printed at Norway, in said county, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be holden at Paris, within and for said county, on the third Tuesday of September next, and show cause, if any have, against the same.

36-37 GEO. A. WILSON, Judge.
A true copy—Attest: H. C. DAVIS, Register

OXFORD, ss:—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of August, A.D. 1885.

DANIEL R. GROVER, Administrator on the estate of ABNER F. BENNETT, late of Bethel, in said County, deceased, having presented his account of administration of the estate of said deceased for allowance:

ORDERED, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford County Advertiser, printed at Norway, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the third Tuesday of September next, at nine of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

35-37 GEORGE A. WILSON, Judge.
A true copy—ATTEST: H. C. DAVIS, Register.

WELCOME

TRADE MARK.

SOAP PAYS NO FANCY PROFIT

But is an original compound, made from the PUREST STOCK, and is sold by the makers and dealers nearer the cost of production than any other Laundry Soap in the market. See that you get this Soap, and not accept any of the numerous imitations that pay the grocer more money to recommend. The word WELCOME and the Clasped Hands are on every bar.

HOBBS

The Photographer!

WILL BE AT

BETHEL,

Aug. 3d, '85.

LAST TIME for the Season!

☞Owing to other engagements, I shall be unable to be at Bethel after this time, until late in the fall.

C. H. HOBBS.

CLOTHING.

Large Stock, Low Prices,

—AT—

J. F. HUNTINGTON & CO.,

Men's Suits, $6.60.

This is the best suit for the money ever offered in Norway.

BOYS SUITS!

Long Pants, Eight to Fifteen years, all grades.

CHILDREN'S SUITS!

Short Pants, Four to Twelve Years; Good assortment. We sell a good serviceable Suit for $3.75.

THE LITTLE GIANT!

Suit is unsurpassed for durability, strength of seams and trimmings.

Gents' Furnishing Goods!

in all the Late and Nobby Styles.

Hats and Caps!

Fines assortment of Straw and Summer goods to be found in Oxford county.

WOOLENS!

We carry a large stock from which we made CUSTOM WORK to order, and at the *LOWEST PRICES.*

J. F. HUNTINGTON & CO.,
Norway Block. NORWAY, Me.

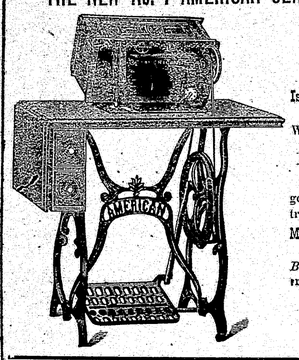
Village Stand for Sale!

The widow Joseph Bennett stand, at Edes Falls, in Naples, Me., consisting of a two story Dwelling, Ell and Stable, in good repair, and one and one-half Acres Land, under a good state of cultivation. Price $500.

Good place for a carpenter or mechanic. Call on FREELAND HOWE,
or F. H. PIKE, Bolster's Mills, Me. 33tf

WANTED Immediately, twenty girls to work in the Tannery Shop.
Norway, June 12. C. B. CUMMINGS.

THE NEW No. 7 AMERICAN SEWING MACHINE!



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HIGH ARM,

Self Setting Needle,

Is Simple, Durable, & almost NOISELESS!

Will do Light or Heavy work; has a splendid set of

New Attachments

Any person in wanting of a good Machine, can have one on trial free of charge.

Machines taken in Exchange.

☞I also keep for sale the *Best Oil*, and Needles for other Machines.

Address

W. C. PIERCE,
Norway, Me.

PIANOS!

ORGANS

AND

Music Stools,

OF ALL KINDS OF THE BEST MAKE,

And at Lowest Prices!

☞Call or address

W. J. WHEELER,
South Paris, Me.

You will save money by corresponding with me. 34tf

LADIES SHOULD VISIT

Mrs. H. W. TWOMBLY'S,

And inspect her Stock of Seasonable GOODS!

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Dress Trimmings,

Hamburgs, Gloves & Neck Wear.

Dress cut & made to order.

☞Next door to the NOYES DRUG STORE, Norway, Me.

Grape Vines

Twelve vines, three years old; earliest, and best of my own growing. $4.00.

Strawberry Plants

Ond dollar per hundred.

Italian Bees

At prices varying according to what is wanted.

Address, W. W. DUNHAM,
Grape View Farm,
17-tf No Paris, Me.

New Furniture!

IN

Immense Quantities,

—AT—

C. S. CUMMING'S

Norway, Maine.

SPECIAL BARGAINS

In Rattan Rockers, Chairs, etc., Lounges, Easy Chairs, etc., Chamber Sets, Parlor Sets, etc.

CALL AND EXAMINE AND GET PRICES.

Goods will be delivered FREE within forty miles of Norway on the line of the G. T. Railroad.

JOSEPH H. LINSCOTT,

Having bought the *Marble and Granite Works* of L. L. Howard,

IS PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Granite Memorial WORK!

At the Lowest Possible Prices.

Those in want of such work should call or address J. H. LINSCOTT,
Norway, Me.

☞Works opposite Pine Grove Cemetery. July 24, 1885. 30tf

PARTRIDGE & DANFORTH

Are offering to cash buyers great inducements.

We carry in Stock

Choice Flour, Graham, Corn Meal, Oats and Mill Feed. Custom grinding done to order.

DRY GOODS and GROCERIES.

Fancy PORTO RICO MOLASSES, hard to beat. TEAS & COFFEES that please every time. Pure Spices. PAINTS, OIL & VARNISHES.

Best brands of Tobacco. Farming Tools. Also a large stock of Haying Tools.

Remember the place.

PATRIDGE & DANFORTH. tf
Mill at Norway, Store at Norway Lake

MANHOOD

NOW LOST, HOW RESTORED.

Just published, a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the *radical* cure of Spermatorrhœa or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, Etc.; also, Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits, induced by self-indulgence, or sexual extravagance, etc.

The celebrated author, in this admirable essay, clearly demonstrates from a thirty years successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain, and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, post paid, on receipt of four cents or two postage stamps. Address

The Culverwell Medicine Co.,
(35-1y) 41 Ann St., P. O. Box 450, N. Y.

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We desire to call special attention to our RUBBER PAINT!

During the last four years we have sold over 4000 GALLONS of this celebrated paint, giving the best of satisfaction; and we confidently recommend it as being the most durable and economical paint in the market. Send for Circulars and Samples. We have a large Stock of

Doors, Windows, Blinds, Mouldings, BRACKETS, STAIR-WORK ETC.,

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S. P. MAXIM & SON,
South Paris, - - - Maine.

JOHN M. CUMMINGS,

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Livery, Feed & Board Stables!

4 & 6 Horse Barges furnished to PLEASURE PARTIES,

At Short Notice and at Reasonable Prices.

At Norway—Beal's House Stable and Stable in rear of Elm House.

At South Paris—Andrews' House Stable and Stable opposite the Grand Trunk Depot. 1y-1d

If you are looking for

BARGAINS!

—IN—

READY MADE CLOTHING

OF ALL KINDS,

HATS AND FURNISHING GOODS.

Call at STOWELL'S

Under Masonic Hall, - - South Paris, Me.

ECLAIR!

This well known Stallion will make the season of 1885, at the stable of

C. W. Kimball, Rumford Pt., Me.

TERMS: $20.00 TO WARRANT.

PEDIGREE: By Gen. Knox; Dam, Morrill's Kate, by Merrow Horse, (Sire Bell Strickland; record 2.28,) by Witherell, by Winthrop Messenger.

Eclair is as good bred Knox Horse as stands in the State, and no horse in Maine has a better class of colts, according to the chance he has had. Mares kept at reasonable rates, but no risks taken. No business done on the Sabbath. C. W. KIMBALL.
Rumford Point, May 1, 1885. 18tf

"CANDEE"

Rubber BOOTS

—WITH—

DOUBLE THICK BALL.

Ordinary Rubber Boots always wear out first on the ball. The CANDEE Boots are *double thick* on the ball and give

DOUBLE WEAR.

Most economical rubber Boot in the market. Lasts longer than any other boot, and the

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POETRY.

[Written for the Advertiser.]

Death.

O Death! dread archer, thou hast held thy sway
For many ages o'er a fallen world.
Thou hast the mighty seized and made thy prey,
And Kings and Rulers from their throne hast hurled.
The poor and wretched thou hast not forgot,
The good have felt the arrow from thy bow,
The lonely widow in her humble cot,
And orphan child by thee has been laid low;
At thy approach the statesman learned his doom,
The warrior leaves the fight and finds a grave,
The sailor in the night of storm and gloom,
Feels thy cold hand, and sinks beneath the wave.
Know this: O Death! that He who holds the key,
Shall rifle all thy cells and conquer thee.

TWILIGHT.

[Written for the Advertiser.]

Be Careful What You Say.

In speaking of a persons faults,
Pray don't forget your own;
Remember, those with house of glass,
Should seldom throw a stone.
If we have nothing else to do
But talk of those who sin,
'Tis better we should look at home,
And from that point begin.
We have no right to judge a man
Until he's fairly tried,
Should we not like his company,
We know the world is wide.
Some may have faults—and who has not?
The old as well as young;
Perhaps we may, for aught we know,
Have fifty to their one.
I'll tell you what a better plan,
And one that works full well,
Try my own defects to cure
Ere I of others tell.
And though I hope sometime to be
No worse than some I know,
My own shortcomings of me let
The faults of others go.
Then here and there, when we commence
To slander friend or foe,
Think of the harm one word may do
To those who little know.
Remember, curses, sometimes, like
Our chickens, "roost at home."
Don't speak of others's faults until
We have none of our own.

A Rise in Kiomatia.

My health making it necessary for me to give up my clerkship, I obtained a situation as wagon-driver to Spencer Academy.

This, one of the two boarding-schools of the Choctaw nation, is situated in the heart of the woods, about twenty-five miles north of Red River, and fifty from the railroad.

To reach Paris, Texas—the base of supplies—it is necessary to cross two rivers—Red River and Kiomatia—in the Territory. These rivers are sometimes fordable, but more frequently must be crossed by a ferry.

They both—but particularly Kiomatia—are subject to sudden rises, probably caused by the bursting of water-spouts in the mountains. These rises are frequently attended with loss of life and property.

I had been at Spencer but a few weeks, when it became necessary to send to Paris. Two wagons were sent—Ernest Black, a young man, driving one, myself the other. I had been intimate with him in Texas, but had lost sight of him since his coming to the nation, some years before.

We started from Spencer early in the morning, intending to make our noonday halt at Kiomatia, twelve miles on the way. The road crosses the river obliquely, so that it is two hundred yards from where it goes down into the stream to where it emerges again, with high, steep banks, on each side.

Midway of the river, when it is low, is a flat, sandy island. I proposed to Black that we would stop here to lunch, as the water would be convenient for our teams.

"No," said he. "I tried that once, and will never do it again."

Then, seeing my look of inquiry, he added:

"Wait until we get on the other bank, where there is a good spring, and while our teams are eating, I will tell you why I have such a dread of that island."

So, while our mules were lingering over their fodder, he gave me the following story of his experience with Kiomatia:

"Two years ago I first began driving for Spencer. I had been in the nation for several years, and knew the country pretty well, but was not aware of the sudden changes in this river. It was, I think, my third trip to Paris. Kiomatia had been low all summer and no one thought of a rise. A young lady—Miss Ellen Cotter—had been to Spencer on a visit, and was desirous of returning home. As her home lay directly on my road, I offered her a seat in my wagon, which she accepted. I was in love with her then—she is my wife now—and of course was glad of the opportunity of a long ride and talk with her.

"We started out on much such a day as this, just cool enough to make the sun pleasant. When we reached Kiomati, I stopped on that island to lunch. I loosened the traces of my team, threw the mules a bundle of fodder apiece, and then helped Ellen out of the wagon.

"We sat there chatting and eating for a half-hour, and then began to get ready to start. It seemed to me that the island was considerably larger than when we stopped. On looking more closely, I found that the river was rapidly rising. Still, I was not alarmed, but a little uneasy. But I lost no time. I put Ellen into the wagon, hitched up the traces, and got on my saddle-mule.

"By this time, the water began to come down in waves, and before we left the island it was hub-deep. With a word of encouragement to Ellen, I shouted to my team, and plunged in. I urged on my mules all I could, but the river was getting deeper fast, and it was soon over the forewheels. Mules do not like to go fast through water, and, in spite of my effort, we made but slow progress. But we were finally very near the bank, and I thought we would make it all right.

"Just as my leaders were beginning to go out of the water, a scream from Ellen startled me. I looked around and saw to my terror that the water had lifted the wagon-bed out of the standards, and it was rapidly drifting down stream.

"Giving a parting shout to my team, I plunged into the river, thinking I could easily catch the bed and guide it to the bank; but I had underestimated both the depth and the force of the stream. I was swept off my feet in a moment and had to swim for life.

"I tried to push the wagon-bed along, swimming behind it; but neither was this possible, the force of the stream was too great. I soon found I was getting exhausted, and climbed into the wagon-bed. Ellen was much frightened, but calm. I reassured her to some extent, by telling her there was no danger, though far from feeling safe myself.

"Two principal dangers presented themselves. First, that we would sink; secondly, that the drift which by this time was coming down in considerable quantities, would crush the frail wagon-bed.

"On the first score I thought there was but little danger, as the wagon was almost water-tight. The second danger seemed more serious. There was a stiff breeze blowing up stream, which kept us back, while large logs, having less surface exposed and running deeper, drifted faster, and kept running against us, and every now and then gave a severe shock.

"I seized a pole which was floating by, and managed to keep off some of them, though not all. I also tried to steer our novel craft toward the bank, but it was as unmanageable as a ferry-boat. The current, for the most part, kept us in the middle of the stream, though every now and then we would run close to the bank, just out of reach of the branches which hung down so temptingly.

"I knew there was a ferry about thirty miles below us, where we would be stopped if we could keep afloat until we reached it. There were also houses along the bank, but too far off for my voice to have reached them, even could the inmates have helped us.

"I was but a poor swimmer; Ellen could not swim at all, or I would have been tempted to leave the wagon-bed, and make an attempt to reach the bank. Naturally, too, we wished to stay in the wagon as long as possible. It seemed a barrier, though a frail one, between us and the seething waters.

"I began to find the water was coming in much faster than before. The blows of the drift had opened the seams, and it soon became necessary to bail it out. To do this, I had nothing but my hat, and it kept me busy, as I was often obliged to stop and ward off some large log which threatened to swamp us.

"While thus engaged, my eyes fell upon something which gave me a gleam of hope. This was the rope which I always carried in the wagon in case of accidents.

"You know I used to be a good hand at throwing the lasso, and my knack had not entirely left me. I thought I might be able to throw the rope around some limb or log, and by that means draw the boat to the bank. Ellen, meanwhile, had been standing in one end of the wagon-bed—it was too wet to make sitting comfortable—and, as I could see from her earnest face and folded hands, praying, I hoped for me as well as herself.

"Giving my hat to her, and asking her to continue bailing, I made the rope into a lasso. As soon as the current carried us near enough to the bank, I began throwing. My first attempt was to throw it on a cottonwood limb. In this I was successful, and as the rope tightened in my hands, I felt a wild thrill of exultation. I thought we were saved. But just as we began to near the bank an enormous log came floating down the stream, which we both failed to see. It came down with such force that, as I held on with the grip of despair, the brittle limb parted and dropped down into the water. I was discouraged, but thought I could easily throw the rope over another. But my expectations were in vain. I threw again and again, trying sometimes the end of a limb, sometimes a sapling, sometimes a stump; but the swiftness of the stream, with the force of the wind, rendered all my efforts ineffectual. Probably, too, the peril we were in confused my brain.

"Again were we whirled into the middle of the stream, and I went to bailing. The last shock had been almost too much for the frail craft, and bailing out with the last could no longer keep down the water. Woman's wit came to our aid. Ellen, taking off the short cloak she wore, contrived to pin it into a shape which would hold water. Between us, we managed to keep the water from getting any deeper in the bed, though we could not lower it any; but it was apparent we could not keep afloat much longer.

"I had hunted on this part of the river before, and knew that there was one place where the lasso could probably be used with advantage. This was where there was an old clearing on the bank of the stream, thickly studded with stumps. The river had eaten into the bank, until some of these stood quite at the water's edge; though at low water, considerably above the stream.

"I knew we must be nearly level with them now. I thought that here we would be swept near the bank, and determined to make my last trial there. Should it fail, I would take Ellen in my arms, and make a desperate effort to reach the bank.

"Soon as we came in sight of the clearing, and I prepared again to throw. But the current had changed since I had been there, and the stream swept us out of reach of the bank. My rope was long enough; but heavy at any time, its weight was doubled by its being wet, and my utmost efforts could not throw it far enough

"I threw time and again, nearly throwing it over a stump sometimes, but always falling a little short. We soon ran by the clearing, and but one chance seemed left to us. The wagon-bed was fast filling, and would soon sink, whether we left it or not.

"I looked at Ellen, and in that supreme moment each read in the other's eyes the love as yet unspoken between us. With the whispered words, 'Darling, if I cannot save you, I will die with you,' I clasped her in my arms, and was just preparing to plunge into the river, when her dear voice said:

"'Wait!'

"As she spoke, she pointed at a large cottonwood tree, which was drifting rapidly down stream at an angle with the current, and nearly on us.

"This only seemed to me a reason for greater haste, particularly as our sinking craft had been caught in an eddy of the stream and was almost stationary. Again I started to plunge in, and again she restrained me. She told me afterward she had an instinctive belief that the log would save us.

"So, indeed, it proved. It drifted nearer the bank, until one end ran against it, and on this, as a pivot, it swung around, inclosing us between it and the bank.

"The tree came with such rapidity that I feared we would be crushed. But, before it reached us, the long branches began to drag on the bottom, and it came more slowly. Soon it struck the wagon-bed, and bore us slowly, but steadily, toward the bank. In a few moments more it grounded and I leaped out with Ellen and made my way up the bank.

"Not a second too soon. Scarcely were we out on dry land when the tree became dislodged and drifted down the river, carrying our boat with it. This went barely fifty yards before it sank, just as we turned at the top of the bank to get a last glimpse of it.

"We made our way to a house a few miles distant, where we obtained dry clothing. I hired a horse and went after my team. The mules were well trained and had kept the road, until passing a house where the owner knew them, they had been stopped. The people were just organizing a search for me when I rode up."

"Since then, whenever I have to cross deep water, I have always tied down the wagon-bed; and I never stopped on the island in Kiomatia again."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 49 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y. 1y30eow

[Written for the Advertiser.]

A Trip to Albany Basins.

Thursday morning, August 13th, four loads of jolly young people and various toothsome compounds pleasing to the palate, started from West Lovell for Albany Basins. There were eleven in the party and their names should stand beside those of the immortal three hundred who won undying fame at the Grecian Pass, for never was greater courage or less judgment shown than by those eleven deluded mortals, who, turning deaf ears to the predictions of the weather-wise fathers and mothers, and defying the warnings which "Old Kezar," a never-deceiving weather bureau, in itself, plainly declared, started out for a rousing good time.

The appointed hour for starting was half-past six, and a good number of the prospective picnicers were up, before any sensible lark would start on a foraging tour, studying the clouds and preparing for the expidition. Half-past seven, however, had come before the procession was well under way.

One lengthy friend, Josiah Fox, took the lead; the other gentlemen were George Stearns, Marshall Le Baron and Daniel Nichols. The ladies of the party were Mrs. Watson, Misses Adaline and Annie Allard, Miss Georgia Durgin, Misses Nellie and Lucy Elliott and your humble correspondent.

The morning was cool and pleasant, the company in the best of spirits, the roads shady and free from dust, and it seemed hardly possible that so much of the fifteen miles from West Lovell to the Basins had been left behind us when a halt was called at the "Five Kezars."

Here five ponds have their outlet, through a deep gorge with massive walls of rock. Volcanic forces have been at play there and have hollowed a charming path for the water, which comes rippling down among the stones to fall into a huge hollow, rimmed about with majestic stony walls and guarded by great boulders which lend another charm to the stately beauty of the canon. The finest view is obtained from a point a little up the stream from the great bowl-like hollow, and it is indeed, beautiful. After crossing the brook by stepping from rock to rock, we followed along the bank till we stood over the pool, and there watched the flying water, and listened to the splash as the rocks which the boys rolled to the edge of the cliff, fell into the liquid darkness below. Then we followed the bank until it became so low that we could cross to the other side and at last we came to where the patient horses were tied and were soon again on the road to Albany.

Our pleasant ride, varied by occasional calls at stores and acquaintances, was evidently too short for our leader who, instead of turning into the by-road leading to the Basins, kept on towards Bethel and only appeared after we were settled at the commodious farm-house of Mr. Cyrus Kneeland, where all visitors find themselves and their horses well cared for. The excuse of the truant that he was too much interested in the fair maidens with him was accepted without question, and we proceeded to the business of the hour, i. e. diminishing the contents of our lunch baskets.

The travelers' dining room, furnished with all necessary accessories was placed at our disposal by our very obliging host and we soon had all things prepared for our gastronomic feats. After the *post prandial* exercises of dishwashing and putting half a bushel of fragments into what held a peck of food, we started for the objective point of our trip with a gentleman of the family for our guide.

After following for a mile, paths through fields and pastures, under green trees, over mossy rocks, across bridges and up hills, the well-known Albany Basins lay before us.

It is useless for me to attempt to describe what I saw of them, which was enough to make me want to go again and stay longer. To get any idea of the wild grandeur of the spot—as yet untouched by the destroying hand of man—you must see them yourself. The tall trees casting a solemn shade, the rugged caves, the steep paths leading to many a determined climb, all help to make a scene of indescribable beauty.

The Basins themselves are wonderful: their circular walls are as smooth as if cut by machinery. Ages and ages must have passed since some eruptive force rent those rocks and piled them up in majestic confusion, and since the tireless waters commenced their work of smoothing, rounding, and wearing away.

After enjoying what lay before us from the top of the cliff, we wanted a closer acquaintance; the guide led us to a rock from which we could see, quite a distance below us, the top of a ladder leading down to the desired depths. But to reach that ladder seemed to the feminine hearts impossible. At last those of us who were too good to fear death very much, trusting in our guide's assurance that it could be done, performed the feat, stepping from niche to niche in the perpendicular face of the rock, holding fast to the hands reached from above to support us. After reaching the ladder the descent was easy enough and then our courage was equal to anything—even to crossing a chasm on a perilous bridge formed by two small poles. Then we could shout back in triumph to others of our party resting in unambitious security on the ledge feet and feet above us.

In the meanwhile the clouds had been thickening and an occasional peal of thunder warned us of a coming shower. The drops commenced to fall and we hurried to get protection from the rain on a little platform sheltered by two overhanging cliffs. The rest of the party joined us, and we prepared to tire out the storm and then return to our sight seeing. The first hour of waiting sped away to the jolliest of songs. The lightnings flashed afar off, the thunder rolled above our heads, the rain came steadily down, and we laughed at it all. But after a while as the shower changed its tactics and showed every sign of developing into a week's storm, the music took a more melancholy tone and finally died away. No abating of the rain—and we commenced to get impatient for it to be over.

Finally one of the eleven lunatics proposed that we go to Mr. Kneeland's and let the rain go to—grass. As we were all lunatics we agreed; so, raising umbrellas and wrapping gossamers around us, we started on our return voyage, I will say—for the walk was by water, through water, under water and upon water. As the memory of it comes to me now, I feel that the delights of that mile were inseperable, and I will only say of it that when we reached Mrs. Kneeland's I hardly think enough dry clothing could have been found on the party to wrap a cat in.

Influenza, rheumatism, fever, all loomed in the near future. But good Mrs. Kneeland was equal to the occasion, and very soon our wet raiment was sending up clouds of steam round the kitchen fire, and we were rejoicing in attire not remarksble, perhaps, for perfect fit, but dry and comfortable.

We had made up our minds to "wait till the clouds roll by," and let our clothes get dry, if we had to sleep on the pantry shelves, or sit in the woodbox, for the house was well filled without us. But a little after six it almost stopped raining, and thinking the storm was about over, we decided to start for Lovell. So donning what of our garments had dried, borrowing some to supply deficiences, and gathering up our wet ones we prepared to leave our comfortable quarters and trust ourselves to the elements once more. Some of us were shoeless, some rode home bare-headed to save hats, and one white dress lay meekly in the lemonade pail, while the owner was glad to be clothed in a walking jacket and a —um—ah—ahem!—usually unseen skirt belonging to another member of the party, who was willing to divide what dry clothing she had.

The team that I was in was the last one to start, and as we did not see anything of the others after leaving Mr. Kneeland's, I can tell nothing of their experiences, save that one team arrived at ten o'clock next day in a rather demoralized condition, one of the ladies having been so affected by a flash of lightning which struck within a few feet of them, as to be unconscious for some time. We found afterwards that we missed the others by taking another road instead of following them.

In fifteen minutes after we left the house it was raining hard as ever. I presume it stopped after we were safely housed, but don't know, as there was no cessation from seven o'clock until after I was asleep. Well, we were in for a little dampness, so we calmly lifted three umbrellas, tucked the robes about us, and awaited what might come. The night fell black around us, and the storm shook its fists, howled, laughed, got mad, roared and tried to drown us by pouring pailful after pailful of water on our devoted heads. The umbrellas commenced to leak and the water was running off the corner of one down the driver's neck, while another stream was cooling my feet, which, without shoes, were resting in an inch of water on the carriage floor; but we complained not. For a few minutes the storm would subside into a gentle shower only to rush at us with renewed force, heralded by ghastly blue flashes of lightning, which almost seemed to carry the odor of brimstone along with them.

Three times the horse got out of the road in the darkness which followed those blinding flashes. Once when stopped she was attempting to draw us over a logsbead, and again almost pitched us over a bank. The joys of such a ride can only be realized by one who has been in similar circumstances. We moved drearily along, aggravated by the thought, the others were probably at home, warm and dry, when, O welcome sight! the narrows bridge is before us and we feel that our troubles are almost over. Lights are out everywhere, so it must be long after bed time, but we are happy to get there at all.

Before we reach our stopping place we go splashing through two or three feet of water, for the road had become part of a pond. Getting through that without drowning, in a moment more we are at our journey's end, and rousing the good host, we are let in, very different looking objects than we were in the morning. It is past ten o'clock, and ours is the only team that has reached West Lovell; but in a few minutes more we hear two teams go slowly past and we know that they have been rained on too. We feel sorry for them but are too weary to think much about it.

Twelve hours later the picnic is over, the last team has arrived, and when we meet and compare experiences we find that we are all alive, no severe colds taken, no bones broken, and we are all ready and anxious to go again.

BROWNIE.

[Written for the Advertiser.]

Some More About Albany Basins.

Every one is writing about Albany Basins this week and we must be pardoned if we "chip in." Do not sigh. We are not to describe this wonderful piece of Divine architecture at length, but we must speak of "Moses Rock" where the cool pure water gushes from a rift in a solid rock. Whether this is the identical rock that Moses smote we would not want to say, but it is very similar,—certainly the water could not be purer. This spring is as yet but little known. We would be surprised however if, in a few years, its name is not added to that list of famous springs in this vicinity,—Summit, Hartford, and Poland.

The "Shelf or Table" is well worth looking at.

The natural "Fire Place" was another curiosity. A perfect shaped fireplace and flue through which the smoke ascends up through the rock, coming out a number of feet above. Another writer in this number tells of the Basins and huge piles of rock which form them.

Cyrus Kneeland, who owns the Basins and a number of hundred acres of land around them, came here when a young man of nineteen and has lived here forty years or more. He has a fine farm of tillage and pasture land beside acres and acres of wood and timber, and good farm buildings. His house is well filled during the summer months.

This fall Mr. Kneeland intends building a carriage road from his house to the Basins and erecting a stable near to accommodate the many guests who visit here almost daily at this season with teams.

He is clearing away the underbrush around the Basins and is to build steps and bridges over the most difficult places so that invalids and the old and infirm can visit this beautiful place without being fatigued.

The greatest surprise to us as we were going from Mr. Kneeland's house to the Basins was to find a school house in the pasture. We looked to find where the scholars came from but could see only one house. We asked him where the scholars came from.

"There is another family who lives up over the mountain," he said. "There used to be ten scholars to go from the two houses but now my children are grown up and the other family has only two scholars so they have the school in a room in their house. The school is soon to commence."

"Where are the seats?" we asked as we noticed all the seats in the schoolhouse had been removed.

"A family lived in here last winter," he replied.

A little farther on the path to the Basins is Mr. K.'s mill where he saws his lumber.

"The wood," he said "is of no value. It would not pay for cutting and hauling it to market."

Thus we see the value of a large village near a farming district.

"Are you not lonesome here in the winter?" we ask.

"Oh no," was the reply "we have plenty of company in the winter. Last winter we had fourteen men working at the mill and in the woods, besides we do so much teaming that a better road is not to be found in the County in winter. It only takes about ten minutes to drive out."

Buckles's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, chapped hands, tetter, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cts. per box.

The General Manager of the Wabash Railway has been given until Oct. 1 to accept or decline the terms of the Knights of Labor.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

[Written for the Advertiser.]

A Trip Round Peakes' Island.

Saturday afternoon about one o'clock the boarders of Mrs. Chapman hired the sloop, "J. F. Brown," and invited Mrs. Noyes' family and company to a sail down to Segum Lights. We started from Trefethen's landing in a dory to meet the sloop. We had a fair wind and went down through Hog Island road, between Pumpkin Knob and Peakes' Island, through Hussey's sound past Over-sest, thence to Segum Lights, and then were becalmed for half an hour and drifted with the tide.

Meanwhile the men concluded to try their luck at fishing. The captain sounded the water and it proved to be about fifteen fathoms deep. Luck seemed against them for all that was caught was one sculpin.

Just then a stiff breeze came up from the south-west and we started toward Portland Two Lights, by Portland Head, through Ship Channel, between Cushman's Island and Cape Elizabeth. On one side of Cushman's Island was the Ottawa House, a pretty two-story building. We then went up by House Island, through White Head and around Peakes' Island. Then sailing eastward we started towards home. Before we had gone far the captain shouted for us to look out on the water and we were surprised to see two large whales, forty and eighty feet long, spouting.

We sailed past Long Island and Hussey's Sound; past Evergreen landing and towards Trefethen's landing. The water was so low that we were obliged to land in row boats. Mrs. Chapman's boarders took a boat and we a dory and the captain shouted, "now for a race," and at last the dory came out ahead.

We all soon landed and were eager for supper, as the salt air had given us a keen appetite and amid shouts of laughter and merry jests the party broke up feeling much refreshed by our afternoon's enjoymeut. L. R. S.

Sunday-School Lesson.

For Sept. 13th.

The Shunammite's Son.—Notes. Observe that Elisha's miracles are very parallel to those of Elijah. This miracle of raising the Shunammite woman's son is much like that of Elijah's in raising the son of the woman of Zarephath.——"The child was grown."—Large enough to run about but not necessarily full-grown.——"To the reapers."—In the month of May, perhaps, and when the heat had begun to be extreme. Reaping was the busiest and happiest occupation of the year. The grain was partly wheat, but principally barley. The reaping was done by grasping in the hand as many stalks as could be held, and cutting them off with the sickle.——"My head."—It was a case of sun-stroke, though his father did not know how serious it was.——"On the bed of the man of God."—She went up to it. The house was a one story square building made round a court, with a single series of rooms, with all their doors and windows opening on this court. On the narrow street was the blank wall of one of the four sides of the house, with a large arched gateway in the middle, and the prophet's chamber had been built up as a special second story over this gateway.——"One of the asses."—The ass was the only animal used for travel or traffic. The horse was used only in war, and the camel was used for traffic in traveling long distances, by the desert tribes. The use of the mule was forbidden. One ass was enough as the servant would walk.——"Neither new moon nor Sabbath."—Not a religious day. It would seem that pious people in Israel, not being able to go to Jerusalem, visited the prophets for instruction.——"It shall be well."—An evasive answer.——"Slacken me not the riding."—The servant was to run beside the ass and keep prodding it with a sharp stick, to keep it on a gentle trot.——"The Shunammite." She lived in Shunem.——"It is well."—Merely a polite way of evading any talk with him.——"To thrust her away."—Thinking she would annoy his master. Her attitude was that of extreme honor and self-abasement.——"Did I desire a son?"—She did not wish to say that the child was dead. Many people in the east will never announce a death. It was so with David's servants when Bathsheba's son died, and so Elisha instantly understood what was hinted.——"Salute him not."—The formal salutations usually practiced require delay and time, and are a matter of politeness, even between strangers who would ask name and business.——"Answer him not."—Except as one could answer without stopping.——"I will not leave thee."—Determined that Elisha should go.——"Stretched himself upon him."—As using the natural means to secure warmth, just as Christ put clay on the blind man's eyes, as a sign of the effect desired, but not as diminishing the miracle.——"Seven times."—They were not counted, but it means several times, just as we say a dozen times.

Instruction.—Death is something more than a chance that "fell on a day." It is the one certainty in the world. Nothing else is so certain.

Nothing else is so uncertain as death. It may come at any time, from an hour's exposure to the sun or the cold. Therefore the command of Christ to be always watching.

Why should suffering and death come? We cannot tell. God knows, and that is enough. He does all wisely and we must take his dealings as right.

Go in trouble to God, or to his ministers, or people. Go to those who will point you to God's providence, and will teach you to look up and smile.

There are times for haste. Be patient and wait when you must, but when there is anything to be done, do it with your might. Get it done just as quickly as possible, so that you can do something else. A lazy dawdling boy can never make a successful man.

God's prophets are much like other men. God does not reveal everything to them. Elisha said: "The Lord hath hid it from me;" and the Lord hides from the best of his servants his reasons, and bids them only believe.

What is the staff? Only the symbol of power, and it had not, in this case, the power Elisha had hoped. Why, we not know. Probably it was intended to show that this was a special case requiring all the prayer and energy of the prophet.

It is better for a man to go himself than to send a servant or a staff. It is our personal attention that is wanted. Sir Moses Montefiore, the benevolent Jew, who died a month ago, used to send every year a handsome gift for a Christian Sunday-school celebration. But it was much more, that he always rode over himself, and spoke to the children. If a scholar is ill, or if a person needs spiritual direction or comfort to send a message or a tract is something, but to go yourself is much more.

WANTED Immediately, twenty girls to work in the Pancake Shop.
Norway, June 19. C. B. CUMMINGS.

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OXFORD, ss:—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of August, A. D. 1885.

EMMA L. MARSTON, widow of Wilson Hammons, late of Bethel, deceased, having presented her petition for an allowance out of the Personal Estate of said deceased.

ORDERED, That the said Petitioner give notice of the same to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford County Advertiser, a newspaper printed at Norway, in said county, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be holden at Paris, within and for said county, on the third Tuesday of September next, at nine of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

35-37 GEO. A. WILSON, Judge.
A true copy—Attest: H. C. DAVIS, Register.

OXFORD, ss:—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of August, A. D. 1885.

DANIEL B. GROVER, Administrator on the estate of ANDREW P. BENNETT, late of Bethel, in said County, deceased, having presented his account of administration of the estate of said deceased for allowance:

ORDERED, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford County Advertiser, printed at Norway, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the third Tuesday of September next, at nine of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

35-37 GEORGE A. WILSON, Judge.
A true copy—Attest: H. C. DAVIS, Register.

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TRADE MARK.
SOAP PAYS NO FANCY PROFIT
But is an original compound, made from the **PUREST STOCK**, and is sold by the makers and dealers nearer the cost of production than any other Laundry Soap in the market. See that you get this Soap, and not accept any of the numerous imitations that pay the grocer more money to recommend. The word **WELCOME** and the Clasped Hands are on every bar.

HOBBS The Photographer!
WILL BE AT BETHEL, Aug. 3d, '85.
LAST TIME for the Season!
☞Owing to other engagements, I shall be unable to be at Bethel after this time, until late in the fall.
C. H. HOBBS.

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Men's Suits, $6.60.
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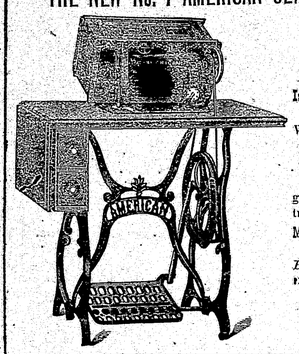
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July 24, 1885. 30tf

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Eclair is as good bred Knox Horse as stands in the State, and no horse in Maine has a better class of colts, according to the chance he has had. Mares kept at reasonable rates, but no risks taken. No business done on the Sabbath.
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